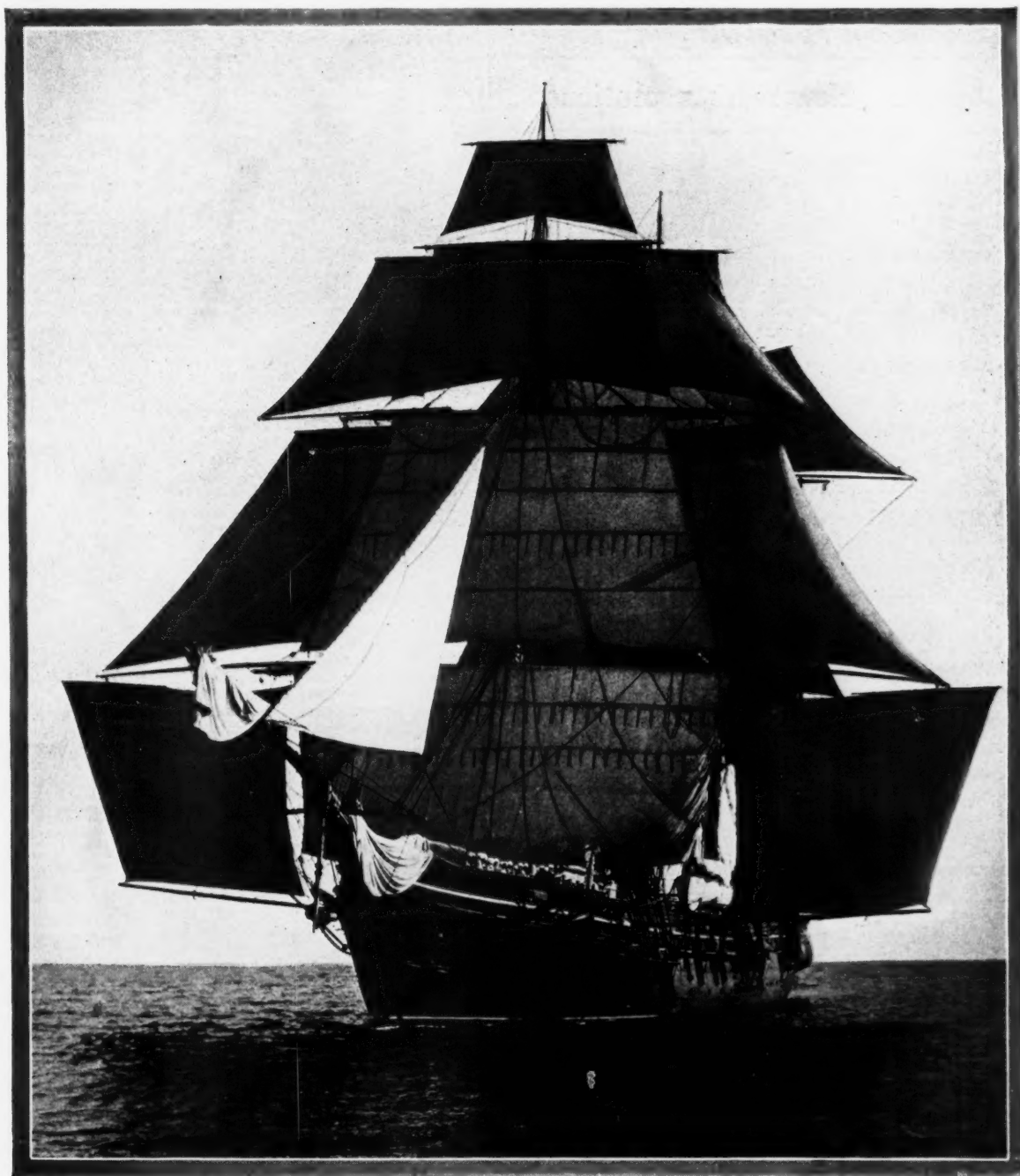


YOUTH'S COMPANION



Ewing Gallows

"A GREAT SHIP SEEKS DEEP WATERS"

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For the NEW YEAR

I hereby resolve:

1. That I will give my health a fair chance in every way that I can. And because New Year's resolutions are apt to be *forgotten*let's add another.

I hereby resolve:

2. That I will *keep* my New Year's resolutions.



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Mr. Peaslee on Using Brains

By FRANK K. RICH

"I KEEP tellin' him how to do things," Deacon Hyne complained, referring to his young nephew, "and what I tell him is good for jest that one time, and no more; the next time the same thing comes up I have to go all over it with him. It's discouragin'!"

"It is so," agreed Caleb Peaslee, "and more'n that, it's a thing he ought to be broke of, now whilst he's young. If you let it grow on him, he'll come out like a young feller I had to work for me once."

The deacon composed himself to listen. "Go ahead with it," he commanded.

"I spoke about a young feller that worked for me," Caleb began, "but, as a matter of fact, I had two of 'em workin', only the one I had in mind showed traits same's you say your nephew is showin'. They was cousins, and both of 'em good workers, only Gilman needed to be told everything over and over. Tell him to do a thing, and he'd do it jest as you told him—and then quit till you told him somethin' else. And he never used his head a mite. I sot him to buildin' a bunk fence one day and told him to put the bunks fifteen foot apart—meanin' there or thereabouts, you know. I c'd see him workin' away up on the side hill whilst I was busy at the house, and he was so long in one place I went up to see why he wa'n't gittin' along faster—and I found him tryin' to set a bunk stake through the aidge of a granite boulder. Movin' it eight inches would have cleared it—but no! I'd told him to set 'em fifteen foot apart, and he didn't have head 'nough to adjust himself to obstacles."

"Well, his cousin was jest as diff'rent as two boys c'd be. This was a number of years back, when farmers had jest got the idea of seed s'lection in their heads, and I was testin' out seed corn with the idea of gittin' a better yield. Waldo—that was the other cousin's name—took a lot of int'rest in that, and I c'd see him porin' over the trays and seemin'ly thinkin' hard about somethin'—but he didn't c'nfide in me what it was."

"Come the next year, Waldo had a piece of ground, twenty acres or so, that his grandfather left him, and it was mostly in grass. In the fall, after he left me, he started in with a pair of hosses he hired from his father and broke up a measured five acres of that sod land. I wondered what he was callin' to put into it, but I held my peace, thinkin' I'd see in time, anyway."

"Well, the next year he planted p'taters there, usin' a machine, of course—and after the p'taters was up good I saw him goin' round over the field, and every little while I'd see him settin' a stake into the ground, good and solid. I watched him for a while, and soon I got the idea. Every place he stuck in a stake was an extra thrifty hill—he was jest markin' 'em so he c'd tell 'em when the plants got big and covered the ground."

"When it was time to dig 'em in the fall I took notice of what he done; he took a pronged hoe and went over that field careful, and every hill he'd marked with a stake he dug out and saved sep'rate—big p'taters and all—and sacked 'em and marked 'em; and then he turned to with the diggin' machine and dug out all the rest of 'em with hosses and loaded 'em onto the cars and sold 'em, savin' the thrifty hills for seed the comin' year. I asked him what yield he got, and he said he made it out to be about two hund'ud and thirty bushels to the acre."

"The next year he follered it up, usin' the seed he'd saved and markin' the good hills the same. That fall he took off over three hund'ud bushels to the acre off'm the five acres layin' next. He plowed a new five acres that fall, for the frost to work on the sod and meller it through the winter, and the next spring he planted that with his s'lected seed and run the yield up to three hund'ud and fifty bushels an acre—and the next year he got all but four hund'ud bushels off'm every acre he planted."

"Waldo used his head, you see," Caleb explained, "and not only I never told him to, but I never even thought of testin' p'taters, same's I would corn. But he thought of it—and if I was you I'd try to start my nephew thinkin', same's Waldo used to."

"M—yes," the deacon conceded; and then, after a minute, "What become of the cousin you had to tell what to do?" he asked.

"That's Gilman Stebbins," replied Caleb, "and he's workin' for his cousin, Waldo Bearce, and prob'ly will as long's he lives!"



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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 101

JANUARY 6, 1927

NUMBER 1

At the Wreck of the Circus Train

By SAMUEL MERWIN

Illustrated by
RODNEY THOMSON

(This is another of Lew Brady's stories, and it seems best to give it in his own words, with as few changes as possible.)

NOW, as a matter of fact, there are moderately quiet stretches in a railroad man's life: it isn't all adventure and excitement by any means. But when you ask a man for a story, he's going to give you the biggest he knows. This story may sound queer,—though honestly I've been through some things that, if I should give you the facts, you wouldn't believe a word of,—but if queer things didn't sometimes happen on railroads there wouldn't be any use for wrecking trains, and, for that matter, I might still be a hostler's boy in the Chicago round house instead of an—but no matter what I am now. I started out to tell you about "Dad" Burns and the elephant, and I'd better keep on the through track.

I guess everybody knows what a wrecking train is—a flat car with a steam derrick that can reach out in any direction and lift tons of wreckage off a track, another car with tools and spare ropes for any emergency, and a caboose for the crew to live in. There is always an engine under steam ready to pull her out.

One day I was cleaning the bright work on the big Schenectady mogul that pulls the St. Paul Limited over the first division when a wrecking call came into the round house, and close after it was Bill McGee, coming in on the run, buttoning his overalls. He pulled himself up the steps and jumped for the throttle. His fireman "flipped" on at the doorway; and almost before I could drop my work and run out to see the fun she was on the turntable. We were still using the old-style two-man table, with long handles on each side. I ran for one handle, and we swung her round in lively shape, locking the table so that McGee could run her out on the siding where the wrecking train always stood ready.

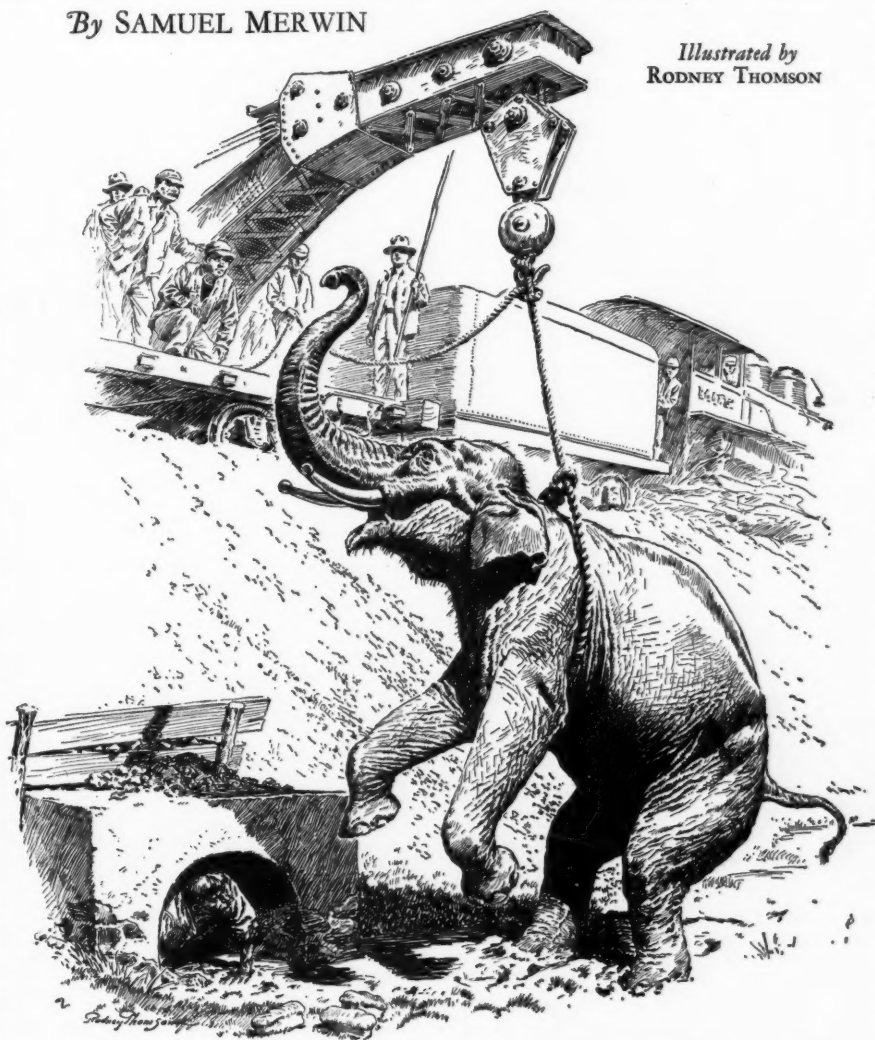
The crew were hustling out in a straggling line, some without hats, and some with their coats slung over one shoulder. Dad Burns was the first on hand, of course. He was chief of the wrecking crew, and one of the quickest-thinking, loudest-talking men I ever knew; the kind of man that asks no questions and takes no excuses, who never knew what sort of a mess he'd have to clean up until he got there, and then he had to work like bottled lightning with the cork out. He was standing at the head of the train waiting to couple up the engine, and hollering back to the boys to move fast. Andy Maxwell, the hostler and my boss, was walking along just ahead of me, when Dad looked around and saw him.

"Here, Andy," he called. "Give me a man or two will you? I'm short-handed."

Maxwell looked round at me, and said, "Step up, Kid."

I had been working round the yards long enough to know that the work expected of me didn't include talking. I just made a dive, and swung myself up the steps of the caboose. A second more, and we were off; and we bumped and rattled through those two miles of yards at a rate that made the speed limit set by the city ordinance look like thirty cents. It was a case of clear track all the way; out through the suburbs we passed half a dozen local passenger trains lying up on sidings, with a head poking out of every window to see us go by. Then we struck the rolling prairies, where the towns are farther apart, and trees and streams are scarce—nothing but waves of meadow and cornfields and long snake fences. I didn't feel exactly like asking questions; anyhow, I don't believe any of the boys, unless maybe Dad himself, knew where we were going.

They all sat round on the bunks and the yellow-backed arm-chairs and swapped lies—corkers, too, some of them—about the



Before the elephant had got one loaf to his mouth, that rope drew up tight around his shoulders, and we had him

time McGee jumped his engine clean over a washed-out rail, and the time the Milwaukee freight got stalled, and the wires were down, and "Pansy" Brown ran eleven miles through the snow in fifty-two minutes to send a message; and after a while, when Dad had gone up ahead to see that everything was in shape, they told things about him that made me turn away and grin. I knew a little about Dad myself,—that he was the nerviest man on the division, and all that,—but there wasn't a man living could have done the things they told about.

Their yarns were getting stiffer and stiffer—from the way they looked at me I guess they thought I was taking them down whole—when all of a sudden the brakes squealed and we began hauling up short. Everybody broke for the tool car, so I followed along. And right here I think I'd better stop and tell you what I saw when I got out to the platform. Since then I've seen worse smash-ups, with loss of life and all that, but I never, before or since, saw anything quite like it.

It was a circus train,—Harris's Consolidated Railroad Shows,—was the name on what was left of the front cars,—and it looked like a plain case of jumping the track. None of the circus men that I talked with afterward seemed to know just what had happened. The engine had gone down the eight-foot embankment head first, so that the tender had telescoped the cab and crumpled itself up around the boiler—it was a miracle that the engineer and the fireman ever found time to jump. The first two cars had gone after and walked right on top of

the tender, one over the other, and each had an end sticking out in the air. The third car was halfway down the embankment and partly telescoped by the fourth. It had all gone off to the right, so that the other track—that we were on—was clear. The rest of the train seemed to be all right; they had run it back a few hundred yards down the grade, for fear of fire, I suppose.

THE wreckage had piled up so around the engine that you couldn't see much of the boiler, and some pieces had been thrown clear over the fence into the fields. Some of the animals were killed,—we could see them among the wreckage,—and a lot of others were roped together in a field, quite a long way off. There were ponies and hump-backed oxen and zebras and buffaloes there, and a giraffe. They were all squealing and grunting and bellowing, and I could hear others, back in the train, that sounded like lions and tigers.

I stood there with a couple of the boys, leaning against the hand-rail of the caboose platform, waiting for orders, when two men—you could tell that they were circus men—came out of the caboose. They must have got on at the back. One of them, the tall one, had a rifle.

"Where's your boss?" he said to me.

I was a green hand, you know; so I didn't speak up; but one of the other boys answered, "Up ahead."

They didn't say anything more, but started through the tool car. I was curious, and I went along. The three of us, the circus men and I, climbed over the ropes and tools

and across the couplings to the derrick engine room, and then out on the flat behind the derrick. Dad Burns was there, and half a dozen of the boys. Dad was standing on a coil of chain with his arm around a guy, hollering in his choicest language at a lot of the circus men who wouldn't come near us but stood off in the field and hollered back. It struck me as queer that Dad should be taking time to talk when the track was piled up with the remains of a train, and I looked around a little. I couldn't see ahead, for the tender was in the way; so I crossed the car to where I could almost touch the wreck, and leaned out. Then I could see it: a big elephant, one of the biggest I ever saw, was standing to one side of the engine with his ears flapping and his feet braced apart. He was swinging from side to side, and just then he lifted his trunk and trumpeted.

Dad heard us and turned around. He was mad; I could tell from the set of his jaw, and the way his eye looked.

"Here," he said, jumping back, "give me that rifle. Who do you think I am to be held up like this?"

But the tall man hung on to it. "Wait a minute," he said, kind of excited. "It ain't no good to lose your head. We've been shooting at him for ten minutes, but you can't touch him with this popgun unless you put it right up against his eye."

Dad had hold of the gun by this time, and the two were so excited they were wrestling for it.

"Hold your horses," said the little man. "We've tried it. His trainer's off there now in the bushes, with an arm broke, and he's the only man that stands any show with Kaiser when he's acting this way. There's his gun up there now." I looked forward: sure enough, a rifle lay on the track, right by the elephant's hind feet. "The only thing is to find some way of chaining him up so you can get close. He's mad now—he's got four balls in him already today. And he's killed two men since we've had him."

Dad was so mad he couldn't talk. There couldn't be nothing stop a wrecking train that he was boss of, he said. He gave a jerk, snatched the rifle away, jumped off the other side of the car, and ran up round the engine. I never saw anything grittier; it was grand. He went up past that engine as if he'd been waiting all his life for a chance to shoot an elephant and he was afraid he'd miss it if he didn't hurry. We all looked at each other a minute, and then without saying a word we all had the same thought, and went climbing up on the tender to see the finish.

WELL, sir, maybe when you've gone to the circus and seen a row of elephants reaching for peanuts, or throwing hay on their backs, you've thought they were slow beasts. That's what I'd always thought, you see. But when I got up on top of the coal in the tender and looked over the engine, I saw that elephant going down the track like "223" making up time. He didn't run pretty, but he did get over the ground. And Dad was in front of him, doing the sprint of his life. He'd thrown away the rifle. We were all so flustered that we began to yell, but I don't believe Dad heard us. He had something else to think about just then. It looked as if he was trying to get down as far as the rest of the train where he could dodge under the cars. We were holding our breath, wondering whether he was going to make it, for the elephant was walking right up on him, when all at once Dad went tumbling down the bank and dove into a low culvert with Kaiser right on his heels.

Then they all began to talk at once, some standing up on the tender, the others crowding around on the flat. The thing to do, of course, was to clean up the wreck so that

trains could get through, but there didn't seem to be anybody in the crew with head enough to go at it without Dad to jaw at him and tell him how; and Dad was fifty yards down the track on his hands and knees in the mud under a culvert; every minute or so he'd poke his head out and holler at us and shake his fist until Kaiser made him jump back. We couldn't hear what he was saying, but I reckoned, from the look on his face, it was something pretty vigorous. Then besides there wasn't any medal competition among the boys to see who'd be first to climb out on the wreck to handle the chain; for that beast was as likely as not to get it into his head to come back any minute (though I think myself he'd have found it a good deal harder to climb up the embankment than it had been to go down). So they talked on.

I was thinking about what the circus man had said, that the thing to do was to find a way to chain the elephant so they could get close enough to shoot him. Now it struck me that that oughtn't to be a very hard thing to do, for we had the derrick and no end of ropes and chains. I kept still for a while, because I didn't see how some of the old hands could help thinking of it too; but they just went on jumping around and talking louder and louder and all the while getting mad at each other, not for any reason but because they were excited. Finally I hollered out (because, when I came to think of it, I might as well; I hadn't anything to lose, you know, being only a sort of a substitute):

"If you'll quit jawing, I'll chain up that there elephant."

They didn't pay much attention, so I said it again, some louder: "I tell you, I'll chain up that there elephant."

Then they stopped and looked at me. A couple of them laughed. But I was getting a little mad myself, and I didn't care. I jumped down on the flat, and said to the circus man, the tall one: "What do elephants like to eat?"

You see, I remembered that they liked peanuts and didn't like tobacco, but that was about all I knew. He looked surprised, but maybe you've noticed that when a lot of men get whirled off their feet and are fussed and rattled they're pretty likely to listen to a chap that thinks he knows what he's talking about.

Finally he said, "Why, hay, mostly—and bread."

"Bread's the thing," said I. "Can you get some right away?"

By that time I guess he was ready to try most anything, for he went back through the caboose without a word and was gone quite a while. We all stood around waiting, without saying much. After a while he came back with a bushel basket full of loaves of bread that he'd got from some of the other circus men.

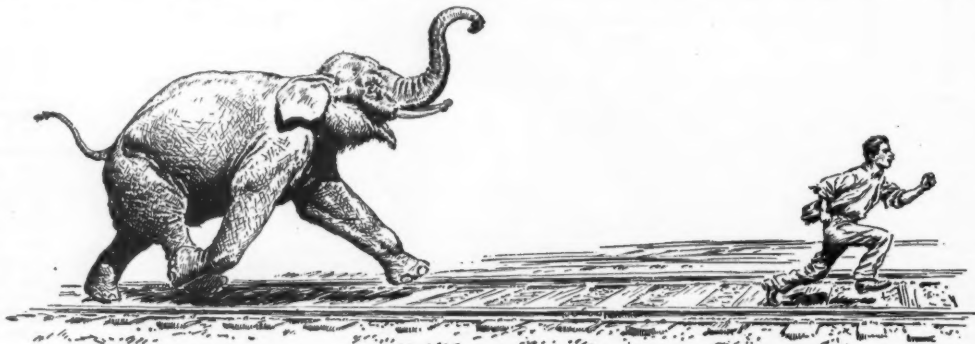
"There's another basket back there," he said.

One of the boys hurried back for it.

"Now," said I, "we want a good strong rope and some poles."

One of the older men said, "The three-inch hawser's what you want, I guess"; and some of them went for it. Then I had McGee start up, kind of slow, down the track, and I sent word for him to stop when the derrick was right over the culvert. In a minute the boys came back with a coil of rope, and I had them rig it on the derrick and make a big slip noose.

It didn't seem a minute before we were stopped, and the exhaust was blowing off, and the elephant was snorting right down



Kaiser did not run pretty, but he did get over the ground. And Dad was in front of him, doing the sprint of his life

below us, to one side, and Dad was hollering up at us to beat the Limited. As soon as the engine quit making such a racket, I leaned out and called down to Dad:

"You can get out all right on the other side now, Mr. Burns. He can't very well climb around the train."

Then he was mad. He talked so fast I couldn't get what he was saying, until one of the boys, that was used to him, ran across the car and looked down the other side.

"It's no wonder," he said. "There's a sheep guard here, across the culvert."

There seemed to be nothing for it then but for Dad to stay right there in the mud until we could take care of Kaiser, for the old beast was watching the opening like a cat; so I didn't pay any more attention to Dad's hollering—I just got to work.

"Now I'll tell you," said I. "What we've got to do first is to get him to come up to the culvert for some bread."

They didn't seem to get me right away, so I dropped off the other side of the car and climbed down by the culvert. Sure enough, there was a strong wire and scantling guard built right across the low archway. I saw quick enough that we could rip it off in a jiffy,—I wondered that the fellow that saw it first hadn't jumped right down there with an axe; it just shows how stupid men can be when you get them off their beaten track,—but just then I thought of something else. You see, the scheme hadn't been coming to me all at once. When I first began I was more than half bluffing, but all the while I had the feeling inside me that I was getting at it in the right way, and that if I just

pulled a stout face and went right on I could work it through as easy as an exhibit of a new bearing oiler. So now I put my face down to the wire and said:

"Mr. Burns."

He turned quick. I had to wait a couple of minutes before I could get a word in. Then I went right on, as if I was the General Manager and I had him on the carpet for a heart-to-heart talk:

"If you'll take a few loaves of bread and put them outside the culvert, so he'll kind of get used to coming up, then we'll rig our noose and catch him."

He was a little taken aback—maybe he

shot hadn't finished him we'd have had it all to do over again, and maybe more. Kaiser had to put one foot through the loop to get within reach of the bread. We kept still. You see we were safe enough, for he was down at the foot of the embankment, and his head didn't come up to the floor of the car. Even if he had tried to climb up, we would have had time to get back into the engine room. But he was watching the bread, for Dad had put out some more, this time nearer the culvert and farther through the noose. It struck me all at once—why doesn't he try to get around the rope? But no, he came right ahead and put both fore feet over it, humping up his back and reaching way out with his trunk.

The fellow in the engine room didn't need to be told anything. He was standing in the doorway, and when he saw that Kaiser was halfway through the noose he made a dive for the lever, and before the elephant had got one loaf to his mouth that rope drew up tight around his shoulders, and we had him. But you should have seen him tear around. Once I thought he was going to pull the car, derrick, engine, and all, clean down the bank. I think maybe he would have upset us if we hadn't all hollered for the engine chap to ease up—you see he wanted to lift Kaiser right up in the air; and three tons and a half of live, kicking elephant ain't to be trifled with.

While we were hanging on to ourselves and talking all at once and wondering what to do next, that tall circus chap just jumped down by the side of the car, and, standing part way down the embankment (where I expected every second to see him knocked to pieces), he hauled up his rifle and pumped balls into the beast until, almost before we knew it, it was all over, the rope was slackened down, and a big gray heap, all that was left of Kaiser, lay there humped up in the mud.

THEN Dad came out. He wasn't saying a word, but there was a look about him that kept us from laughing at the mud on him.

The first thing Dad did was to cut the rope free from the elephant and signal Bill McGee to back up the grade to the wreck.

"Who's bossing this crew?" he said then. Nobody answered a word. Some of them looked foolish, sort of.

"Who's boss here?" said he again, and then—

But hold on here; I didn't start in to tell about myself. That's about all there is to the story of Dad and the elephant, though I did swap jobs and hang my coat next day on a peg in the caboose of the wrecking train. But I didn't mind changing. Sometimes the crew had to work hard, but that's so in most jobs; there were long stretches when it was easy going, and then the pay was some better.

"THE last practice for freshmen basketballers will be an examination," announced Coach George Reedy, of the Jordan University rhiny squad, in the gym one late winter evening. "Fifteen of you will take this exam, and eight of you can pass it."

The fifteen rhinies, or freshman players, sat breathing hard, as the result of a strenuous workout, on bleacher seats that lined one wall of the gymnasium. Puzzled by his statement and the mysterious smile on his face, they watched the coach closely. Not the least interested were three buddies known to themselves as the three musketeers—big Les Moore, back guard, Billy Armstrong, center, and little Jimmy Byers, hard-working forward. The first two were among the outstanding players on the squad, but Byers had stuck through several cuts and weedings only by sheer persistence and hard work.

"The examination is to find eight boys who will be ordered to report to Coach Mason, for preliminary work on next year's varsity," continued Coach Reedy. "Tomorrow evening I will name two teams, and they will play a regulation game, after taking five minutes to arrange signals. The other five boys will break in from time to time.

Crashing Through

By JONATHAN BROOKS

Illustrated by GEORGE AVISON

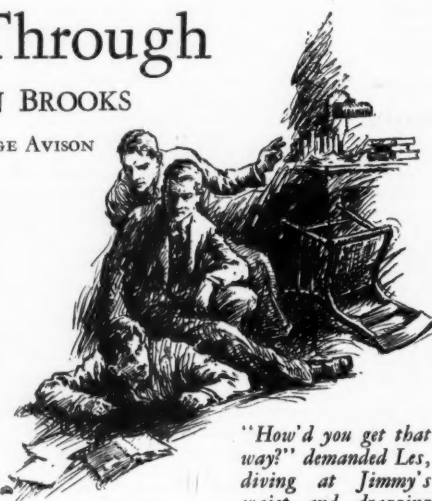
After the game, I will choose eight to work two weeks with the varsity for next season. Now then, all of you get some sleep and report tomorrow night ready to give everything you've got."

The boys shuffled off to the showers and dressing-room, glad the regular season's grind had ended, and looking forward anxiously to the final test. Jimmy Byers headed the group, going off the gym floor at a dog trot, as if he had no worries of any kind. His chums, Moore and Armstrong, overtook him only when they had all dressed and started homeward from the gymnasium.

"You go trotting around like a frisky pup," commented Moore.

"As if you didn't have a worry in the world," added Armstrong.

"Well," said Jimmy Byers, "there may be some poor rhinies around here worrying about passing that examination. I could



"How'd you get that way?" demanded Les, diving at Jimmy's waist and dragging him to the floor, where Billy joined them.

name two, but I can tell you that I'm not worrying about it. I know I won't make the grade, so I'm not losing any sleep."

"Where'd you get that stuff?" demanded Moore.

"First time I heard poison ivy asking for a job as a shrinking violet," jeered Billy Armstrong, the tallest and lankiest of the three.

"Listen; you can't kid me till after I've got the habit of kidding myself," retorted Jimmy. "I know how much basketball I know, and can play. And I know that Mason, of the varsity, as well as Reedy, likes his men big and husky. No use for shrimps."

"You've stuck all season," exclaimed Moore.

"Only because all the fellows that had to be cut off were little fish, too," Jim replied. "Nope. You two worry about making the varsity squad, and I'll sleep." "Saay," drawled Armstrong, as they approached the fraternity house where they lived, "you'll go out for this game, or I'll—"

"Who said I wasn't going out?" Jimmy demanded. "Of course I'll go out, and play, too, if Reedy puts me in. But I'm not going to sit up tonight worrying over getting a call to report to the varsity. That's one thing I don't have to worry about."

It was study hour in the fraternity house, and, remembering a strongly enforced rule demanding silence, the boys dropped their ragging and went to their room quietly. Jimmy immediately plunged into a book, but Les and Billy began talking basketball. How would Reedy line them up? Would they get a chance to work together on the same five? Would they start, or get in as substitutes? A thousand and two questions agitated them, but Jimmy plowed through his textbook as if no argument or discussion were within a hundred miles of him.

THE three boys were freshmen together at Jordan after two years at Lockerbie Hall, where they had starred on the football, basketball and baseball teams. All three had done well in football at Jordan, but Byers fell short of the other two in basketball. Jordan goes on the old theory that a good big man is better than a good little man, in basketball as in football, and Jordan coaches waste no time on little fellows when huskies are in sight. Les Moore, standing five feet ten, weighed in with his basketball togs at 175 pounds. Billy Armstrong, hefting only 170, was six feet two inches tall, and rated well as a center, while Moore's stocky build stood him in good stead at back guard. But Jimmy Byers, though he had starred at quarterback on the freshman-varsity football eleven, found his 160 pounds and five-foot-eight a handicap in basketball not easily overcome.

He worked hard at the game, but did not worry over his prospects, for he really preferred to drop basketball. Attending Jordan by virtue of a scholarship, he wanted time for study. It was all very well for Armstrong and Moore, both from wealthy families, to look at the future lightly, but Jimmy, with no backing, felt that he ought to give most of his time to university work. Already, because of a natural liking for the subject and because his scholarship specified study of railroad problems, Jimmy looked ahead to a lifetime of work in the transportation field. After an hour of grinding, Jimmy closed his book and found the restless Billy and Les already to quit study for bed.

"Hope you fellows sleep as hard as I do," he grinned. "But I'll bet you don't. It's not every bird that has a chance, in one game, to qualify for the varsity's spring workout."

"Won't be much kick to it unless you crash through yourself," muttered Les Moore.

"Well, you're big boys now, and you can't have papa with you always to look after you," grinned Jimmy, mischievously. "You poor croupy little fish—" began Billy.

"How'd you get that way?" demanded Les, diving at Jimmy's waist and dragging him to the floor, where Billy joined them. Together they sat on him.

"What really worries us," began Billy, again.

"Is what will become of me when you two are not taking care of me," interrupted Jimmy, laughing. "I know it. Let me up."

"All right, since you've got sense," growled Les. "But listen; swear y'll do your darndest to crash through to the varsity tomorrow night?"

"Sure, but it would be a nuisance, and I'd rather study," said Jimmy, rising as the other two clambered to their feet, and brushing his clothes.

"Feature that?" demanded Les and Billy, staring at each other in disbelief. "A nuisance to make the varsity? The bird's crazy!"

Jimmy did not argue the matter, and all three proceeded to bed in the attic dormitory.

RHINY basket practice next night found fifteen anxious and nervous youngsters ready to go. Even Jimmy Byers, usually cool and at ease, shared the general nervousness, although, in view of his feeling about the game, it would be hard to understand why. Coach Reedy called the boys off the floor after a session of basket shooting for warming up purposes and announced the two line-ups he had chosen. Jim paid little attention, for he did not expect to be chosen on either five, but he did listen closely to hear the names of his buddies.

"I have arranged the two line-ups to give everybody a chance," announced Coach Reedy. "The two teams will be the Free-



Jimmy snatched the ball off the floor on the bounce and, with a twisting, writhing motion, whirled it upward against the bank. "Yay, Jim!" yelled Les from the floor

mans and the Armstrongs. Freeman will take center on his team, with Adams and Maxwell to play forwards, and Simpson and Reno at guards.

"All the huskies ganged together," thought Jimmy, looking at Billy.

"Armstrong's team will have Hill and Longworth at forwards, Payne and Moore at guards, and Armstrong at center," continued Reedy. "Now then, the others will be substituted as the game goes along. Armstrong, take your team over there; Freeman, you and your five stay here. You have five minutes to arrange signals and team play as you like. The rest of us will shoot baskets until time to start."

Jimmy trotted out on the floor with the other subs to toss the ball, while the two teams grouped together to lay out their plans of campaign. But before Jim left the little crowd he gritted his teeth at Billy and Les, and clenched his fists together, at once warning and encouraging his chums to fight it out for all they were worth. He was glad they had been assigned to the same team.

"Coach must have figured Freeman's team the class of the bunch," he said to himself. "Anyway, he put most of the weight and size on that team."

When presently the two fives lined up for the first tip-off Jimmy's size-up of the situation proved correct. Paired off against each other for the first play, the Freemans and Armstrongs displayed a disparity in weight and size that was all in favor of the Freemans. Billy Armstrong, alone on his team, matched his opponent in height. Les Moore, at back guard, loomed bulkier than either of the forwards on the Freeman five, but both outmatched him in height. Billy's forwards, Hill and Longworth, looked even slimmer and more wiry by comparison with the men guarding them than they did standing alone.

Coach Reedy blew his whistle, again warned the boys to put everything they had into the game, and then started the contest.

Billy Armstrong won the tip-off with a good jump, and managed to slip the ball sidewise to Hill. But Hill's guard was on him like a hawk and wrested the ball from him. From that instant the reason for Jordan's choice of husky, stalwart basketballers was apparent, for the Freemans took resolute charge of the contest and dominated it. They ran roughshod over the floor and over their opponents. Their game was clean, because they played the ball with determination and did no dirty work. None of the Freemans took time to rough the Armstrongs, but went smashing and pounding along at the ball consistently. If by chance any of the lighter, wirier Armstrongs got in the way, he suffered. Few fouls were called, and Billy's five made no complaints.

IN five minutes the game was clearly in possession of the Freemans. Only two obstacles blocked them at all. Billy Armstrong won the tip-off repeatedly, but both his forwards were helpless against the strong checking of the Freeman guards. Once or twice, in desperation, Billy tried to follow through on his own tip-off and gain the ball for a shot or a pass. But whenever he sought to get down to the basket, either Freeman or Reno, the husky back guard, charged upon him so fiercely he could neither pass nor shoot.

Les Moore fought fiercely in the midst of a rough-and-tumble wrestling match under his basket, and usually emerged triumphant with the ball. None of the Freemans could get a close-in shot against Les, but he had little reinforcement from his floor guard, and the Freemans scored steadily from as far away as the foul line. Toward the end of the first half, the Freemans slowed down somewhat, and Billy's five spurted. When the whistle ended the period, the Freemans held the lead, 14 to 9.

Billy and Les flung themselves down on the bleacher seats, blowing hard, and their mates grouped with them. Jimmy wanted to join them and offer encouragement; he knew they were playing the game, but he wished they might have some real support.

"Byers," he heard Coach Reedy calling his name, "Join the Armstrongs. Tell Hill I said for him to drop out. Murray, you will start this half in place of Maxwell."

Rejoicing, Jimmy hurried to the little group huddled around Billy on the bleachers. Hill wished him well, and reported back to the coach.

"Good goin', gang," exclaimed Jimmy. "We can lick 'em this half."

"Yeah, if they'll come down off their road rollers," panted Billy.

"Anyway, Jim's got his chance to crash through," muttered Les.

"Fat chance of crashing, with all that weight against us," Billy grinned. "But Jim's big, and maybe he can do it."

"Crashing through is the job," exclaimed Jimmy. "Listen, gang. They've got weight against us, all around. The thing we've got to do is to use our weight where it will do the most good, see?"

"Yeah, back under our basket, where they gang on me," grinned Les.

"No, I've got an idea," insisted Jim.

"I've been watching while you have been working. Listen—" And he drew the others closer together in order to whisper his suggestions for a plan of attack. Les Moore wagged an apprehensive head at first, but Billy seized on the scheme as good strategy. Longworth and Payne backed him up. Jimmy thereupon went further into detail, and all five of them were chattering excitedly when Coach Reedy blew his whistle for the second half to begin.

"Let's go, gang," yelled Jimmy, jumping up.

"Hill will referee this half," announced Reedy, turning over his whistle to the ousted player. "I'll be on the sidelines watching, but Hill is in charge. No dirty work, or he'll call the fouls."

"Go get 'em, Bill," yelled Jim, from his post at forward, as Billy crouched for the jump at center.

Hill tossed the ball into the air, blew his whistle, and a different game of basketball got quickly under way. Billy jumped high above his man, reached the ball, and tipped it down behind Freeman. At the same instant big Les Moore, roaring like a mad Newfoundland dog, came smashing and tearing down the center of the floor past the pair in the ring, flung himself on the ball, and brought up short, seeking a chance to pass. Simpson, guarding Jimmy, thought Byers was after the ball, and pounced for it himself. But Jimmy had merely feinted, and then dodged back toward the sideline, and the luckless Simpson took some of the medicine he had been dealing out to the lighter Hill in the first half. His shoulder encountered one of Les Moore's big thighs as he went down for the ball, and he was flung hard to one side.

Les, getting his bearings quickly, flipped the ball to Jimmy, and himself charged down on the basket, with Billy in close pursuit. Jimmy dribbled two steps, coaxed the back guard out, and then simply handed the ball to Les for a shot at the goal. Les missed, but Billy, on his heels, batted it in through the meshes as it came down off the bank. Whistle. Freemans 14, Armstrongs 11.

"C'mon, gang," yelled Jimmy. "Let's go," echoed Billy. "Crash 'em home!"

Again the toss-up, again the whistle, and once more big Les came charging rampant down the floor. This time, as if by prearrangement, he did not hesitate once he had swooped down and gathered up the leather, but straightened up and dribbled directly for the basket. Reno rushed out to meet him, but Les leaped hard into the air and shot for the goal, falling hard upon his rival back guard as he came down. And the shot, as luck would have it, dropped through the hoop after circling the edge twice. Whistle. Freemans 14, Armstrongs 13.

Whistle again. Time out. The dismayed Freemans, finding their game slipping out of control, talked things over.

"Here, fellows," called Billy, gathering his team around him. "They'll try to stop us this time."

"As we said they would," commented Jimmy.

"As you said they would," grunted Les, out of breath from his strenuous efforts.

"But we know how to beat their blocking game, remember," warned Jim.

Time in again. The whistle. The jump, with Billy Armstrong leaping as if for life itself. He had to do his best, for Freeman, desperate, outdid himself. And Billy tipped the ball down, and once more Les, yelling at the top of his lungs, crashed through center. His man, Murray, came fast at his heels. And he encountered the new Freeman defense, finding both Reno and Simpson set for him close back on the circle. The four of them pounded together, but none of them found the ball, for Billy had tipped it sidewise, and Jimmy, alert, had snatched it away from a Freeman forward, posted to watch him. Without waiting to make sure of his target, Jimmy shot the ball on the bounce under the Freeman basket, and the slender Longworth, sneaking unnoticed in behind the Freeman guards, swooped it up at the loop as he slid out of bounds. The shot missed, but Billy Armstrong, a step ahead of Freeman, went under the basket on the run and batted the ball up again. He, too, missed, and smashed on out of bounds with Freeman atop him.

By this time, Jimmy, following his own pass, was under the basket. He snatched the ball off the floor on the bounce and, with a twisting, writhing motion, whirled it upward against the bank.

"Yay, Jim," yelled Les Moore, from the floor.

THE ball had come down through the meshes. Whistle. Freemans 14, Armstrongs 15. Half the players came back upon the floor after having slipped out of bounds under the basket, and the game went on. The whistle again, and once more Les Moore came crashing through center. But this time the Freemans, all of them angry, forgot to play the ball. Two of them deliberately ganged on the husky back guard, and the three went down in a heap. Double foul, and Les made good on one shot. Freemans tried the same defense again, but this time Billy leaped sidewise as he went up, and came down with the ball, to dribble to the side of the floor before Freeman could cover him. By that time Reno and Simpson found Les

did not have the ball, and rushed to cover their men. Les raced under the basket and took a pass from Billy for a shot for goal. He missed. So did Billy, on a follow-up. But Jimmy slipped through scrimmage under the bank, emerged with the leather, and made good on a one-handed, sidewise toss going away from the goal. Whistle. Freemans 14, Armstrongs 18.

But now another whistle. Time out. Coach Reedy talking.

"Come out, Byers," he called. "Baldwin takes your place. Wakefield, go in for Simpson. All right. Let's go."

But as he sat down again he noticed that Jimmy had stopped to speak to Billy and Les before leaving the floor.

"Come on, Byers," he called, seemingly angry. "Here, sit down."

The game proceeded. Jimmy, disappointed at being taken out after having played only a few minutes, felt hurt, even though he had not reckoned seriously on his chance of

being ordered to report for next year's varsity. He stole a furtive glance at Coach Reedy from the corners of his eyes, but the coach was writing on a slip of paper. Jimmy turned his head to study him for an instant, and saw the coach was scowling. He turned his attention back to the game and forgot the coach, and the varsity tryout, in the excitement of watching his buddies battling for their chance.

"I suppose you told 'em that, too, hey?" he suddenly heard Coach Reedy saying.

"How's that, sir?" asked Jimmy, pulling his sweat shirt closer about him.

"Listen; why'd you lay out that stuff?" demanded Reedy, in mock gruffness.

"Well, I wanted Moore and Armstrong to have a chance to crash through, sir," Jimmy replied. "The other side had all the weight, and I thought we'd better use what weight we had, the best way we could. So I asked Les to crash through center—"

"Didn't know we had a back guard fast enough for that old play," muttered Reedy. "Never bothered to teach the squad that stuff, and here you pull it and show up my year's work and the squad as well."

"Wanted Les to have his chance to crash through," began Jimmy.

"Yeah, that's what you said before," grunted Reedy, watching the game closely.

"But it takes more than weight to crash through. Brains, for instance. And look; I suppose you told 'em to line up different on defense, too, hey? Pulled Moore out on the floor and took Armstrong back, to meet the other gang's weight, hey?"

"Well, I, uh—" faltered Jimmy, not seeing through the coach's pretense of anger.

"Did you, or not?" demanded Reedy.

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so," said the coach, shortly. The game went dingdonging and banging back and forth to a bitter conclusion. Final whistle. Freemans 18, Armstrongs 21.

Fifteen tired, breathless boys. Fifteen hopeful ones. Would Reedy's list of eight include—

"YES, and when he read off the names, whose name was first?" demanded Les Moore, when the three musketeers were back in their room, all of them elated.

"Aw, listen," began Jimmy. "Don't make any difference whose name was first. He just happened to write 'em that way."

"Well, and what did coach say to me, hey?" exclaimed Billy Armstrong. "An ounce of brains—"

"That's old poison ivy, Jim Byers," proclaimed Les.

"Beats a pound of beef," concluded Billy. "That's me," Les stated, positively.

"And it's tough on me, because I'm neither," lamented Billy.

"But both," exclaimed Jimmy. "And so's Les. Or we wouldn't have run one-two-three in this eight-horse race. Now you fellows lay off me. I got to study."

IN NINE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER 3

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters: In the small town of Kingston live Philander Boyden, his two daughters and two sons—a family which has lost nearly all its money. The younger girl, Amy, is a born housekeeper, but her sister Beatrice desires a "career." She accordingly starts and edits a successful department in the Kingston newspaper, leaving it after gaining much valuable experience to seek an editorial position in New York City. After many discouragements, she learns how to secure an interview with a publisher and calls at the office of the Modes magazine. "I have no vacancy here," says the publisher, Mr. Stephen Lee. But something in Beatrice's personality has impressed him, and he asks her to sit down again.

BEATRICE sat down again, wondering what more Stephen Lee could possibly have to say. To her surprise he pulled open a drawer in his desk and drew out a mass of letters, which he passed to her.

"I am flooded with stuff of this sort from our readers," he observed. "Won't you glance over them?"

Very much bewildered, Beatrice began to read the top letters while Mr. Lee busied himself with his own work.

The first letter was from a woman in Kansas City; she had subscribed to Modes for fifteen years, she said, and had come to regard it as an old friend. She wondered if the editor wouldn't advise her how to find an art school for her daughter, aged seventeen. Beatrice read the next letter. It was from a woman in Philadelphia, who was hesitating between two styles of davenport advertised in Modes; she couldn't make up her mind which one would look better in her living-room, and wanted the editor to settle the matter for her. The next two letters were from women in small towns, one of whom sought advice on finishing schools, the other on etiquette of weddings, on which Modes had printed an article the preceding month.

It had never occurred to Beatrice that such letters come to the office of a magazine like Modes, which was noted principally for its fashions. As she read on, her wonder grew.

Stephen Lee looked up from his work. "Find anything interesting in that mass?"

"They're all interesting! I should think answering them would keep one person busy all week."

"It would, if the letters were answered properly—that is, if we went into details, as a person would do in writing to a warm personal friend. That's how it ought to be done." He shot her a quick glance. "How would you like to try it?"

The color mounted to Beatrice's cheeks; now she understood his reason for handing her that mass of correspondence!

"Mr. Lee," she said frankly, "some of these letters I could answer without any trouble; others would take a good deal of time, looking up information—"

"Yes, of course. But would you like to try it?"

"Indeed I would!"

"That's fine. The job I think is worth about eighteen dollars a week."

He called to his managing editor, Mrs. Edith Erskine, and presented Beatrice to her, adding, "Take Miss Boyden under your wing. From now on she is going to stem the flood of correspondence for us."

Mrs. Erskine was an alert, well-dressed woman of perhaps forty-five, with horn-rimmed glasses, which she had a habit of removing when talking to anyone. Beatrice liked her instinctively, perhaps because of a

The Home Girl

By DAVID LORAIN and ARTHUR FLOYD HENDERSON

Illustrated by DOUGLAS RYAN



When she came out she considered celebrating the occasion by taking a taxicab. Reluctantly, but sensibly, she gave up the idea

quiet kindness about her that reminded the girl of her own mother. Together the two of them went over the correspondence at the managing editor's desk. Mrs. Erskine imparting such information as might be helpful and showing the girl where the books of reference and back files of the magazine were kept.

Beatrice remained at the office until five o'clock; and when she came out she considered celebrating the occasion by taking a taxicab. It was the first taxicab she had ever seen. Reluctantly, but sensibly, she gave up the idea.

After supper that evening she wrote a note to Amy, telling of her success. "I am on a big magazine at last," she said in one characteristic paragraph. "Eighteen dollars a week to start, little sister! Does that look big to you? It's nothing compared with what I'll be earning at the end of a year!"

Beatrice began work the following morning with an enthusiasm and directness that caused Mr. Lee and his managing editor to exchange significant glances.

The first letter asked a question about Sèvres vases. She consulted the Encyclopedia Britannica, found the answer there and noted it down on a piece of yellow paper, which she clipped to the letter. Then she set it aside. In that way she continued to work all morning, using as sources of information the Encyclopedia, old files of the magazine, various books of reference, and now and then—when all else failed—seeking help from her superior. By noon she had finished two thirds of the pile.

Mrs. Erskine invited her out to lunch, and they went to the Quill Club; this was a social club made up largely of newspaper and magazine workers, and was situated near Times Square. Mrs. Erskine's husband had

helped to found it when he was with the New York Times.

It was a great moment for Beatrice when she sat down at one of the little tables in the club dining-room. This was exactly what she had pictured for herself on her first visit to New York. She noted with keen satisfaction the obvious refinement of the other diners, the good taste in which the room was furnished; and she resolved then and there that one day she, too, would deserve to be elected a member of the Quill.

Back at the office again, Beatrice resumed her work with fresh vigor, now and then permitting her mind to dwell briefly on the luncheon. By mid-afternoon she reached the bottom of the pile of letters; then Mrs. Erskine assigned her a stenographer, a dark-eyed little girl named Ruth Oliver.

BEATRICE had never dictated a word in her life, and for a moment she wondered how she should ever do it without hesitating long between sentences. But after the first letter or two she was astonished to find that it was really very easy. All you had to do was first make up your mind what you wanted to say and then say it to Miss Oliver, as if she were the person who was to receive the letter. At the end of an hour Beatrice had completed the task, and Miss Oliver was busy transcribing from her notebook.

The next day the work seemed more familiar. During the lunch hour, Beatrice paid a quick visit to the Public Library. There she looked up the answers to two or three particularly baffling questions about china and glass. She made notes from the books and brought the notes back in her handbag. And, while she walked along Fifth Avenue, she looked searchingly at the clothes of every well-dressed woman she

passed, storing up mental impressions. So fascinating did this prove, indeed, that she forgot all about luncheon and returned to the office without knowing she had missed it.

Unconsciously, Beatrice proved in that moment that her heart was in her work, and that she was the unusual sort of girl who can make more than an average success in business.

Every office, everywhere, is full of "clock watchers," as they are called—men and girls who come in as late as possible, who go out for the full lunch hour, and a little more if possible, and who drop their work and hurry home at the first tinkle of the closing bell. And every office has a few—a very few—farsighted young people, who know that by putting in a few minutes' extra work a day they will surely outstrip the dull plodders who work with one eye on the clock.

Beatrice frankly wanted success, and a great deal of success. She studied her work carefully. At the end of the first week, she reviewed and counted up the letters she had answered. There were two hundred and thirty-three, and she grouped them by subjects as follows:

Questions about dress	143
Etiquette and entertaining	64
House furnishing	13
Education	12
Medical	1

"I can see," said Beatrice to Miss Oliver, "that we will have to be fashion authorities first of all."

The little stenographer smiled. "I think it's just wonderful," she said, "how much you know about fashions, Miss Boyden. I often wonder while I am writing the letters how you get so much information."

Beatrice flushed with pleasure.

"I keep my eyes open every minute," she said, truthfully. "I never pass a woman in the street without trying to remember everything she has on. And I study the shop windows. I hope to be just about the best window-shopper in New York. Whenever I see something smart in a window, I just stare at it till I can remember the lines and the materials and everything else about it. And I wonder what type of woman it would suit."

Miss Oliver nodded her pretty little head and went on with her typing. She had never before met a girl like Beatrice—a girl with so much assurance, so much energy. In spite of herself, Miss Oliver was thrilled by Beatrice. She was not especially ambitious, and she regarded business life in an office as a necessary evil. It was curious and interesting to find some one who regarded it, as Beatrice did, as a vivid and fascinating adventure.

Beatrice continued to brood over the pile of letters.

"I have done my best for them," she said, "and I wonder if they are the least bit grateful. They ought to be. I think I will just put a postscript on the letters next week and find out."

She dictated the postscript to Miss Oliver, after making a rough draft of it on a scratch pad. It ran as follows:

"P. S. I do hope that you are a regular reader of Modes, and will let me know whenever I can be of help to you again. If you don't receive our magazine regularly, just send me a two-dollar bill and I will see that you are entered as a regular subscriber."

Not for a week did Beatrice receive any intimation that this postscript had been noticed by any reader. And then, one morning, she found four two-dollar bills on

her desk. Three had been mailed with no comment. But with the fourth came a letter from a woman in Boston, who thanked Beatrice for the reminder.

"This is really conscience money," wrote the woman. "I have been reading Modes regularly at the library, and I know it was unfair for me to ask you a question—and get your thoughtful and useful reply—without being at least a subscriber."

Meanwhile, Mr. Lee was having a conversation with Mrs. Erskine.

"That Miss Boyden is a wonder," he said. "I never saw a girl try so hard, and do so many intelligent things on her own initiative." "She is very ambitious," agreed Mrs. Erskine, cordially.

"Did you see the postscripts on her letters last week?" said the publisher. "She really seems ambitious for our success as well as her own. Maybe she realizes that unless we succeed we can't pay her any more money. How few girls—or men either—ever seem to see that!"

Mrs. Erskine, seasoned newspaper and magazine worker that she was, made no answer except a nod of her head. But Beatrice had taken a long step forward in the esteem of both her superiors.

Night after night, sitting alone in her little room, Beatrice studied the fashion magazines, the books on social forms and etiquette which she borrowed from the office, and the other books on interior decorating and house furnishing which were so necessary to her. And her mail grew bigger and bigger, as her grateful correspondents wrote her new letters and recommended her to their friends.

AFTER six months, Mr. Lee made a "feature" of Beatrice's work. Each issue of Modes contained two columns of questions from readers, with Beatrice's answers, and an editor's note saying that Modes would reply to all inquiries about styles and etiquette and household matters. There was no charge for this service, but inquirers were asked to send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. Thanks to Beatrice's painstaking efforts to be accurate, Modes gained a reputation as a treasury of reliable information for its subscribers. Their letters poured in faster than ever.

Then Beatrice made another discovery about the magazine business. It is not an enormously profitable business, as compared with many others. No magazines have ever earned the colossal sums received by the steel companies, the producers and refiners of oil, or the automobile manufacturers, or the motion-picture producers.

Modes, like most other magazines, got along with a very few editors; and those few could not be particularly well paid. But Mrs. Erskine frankly admitted that she loved the work and would have stilled in any other atmosphere.

"Once you get a smudge of printer's ink on your fingers," she said laughingly to Beatrice, "there is no soap that will ever wash it off again. For it penetrates right into your heart."

"I can understand that," said Beatrice. "I'm glad you can," answered the older woman. "My husband had chance after chance to leave the city desk of his newspaper and go into politics or business, or both. But Mr. Erskine stood fast. He said he was proud to be a newspaper man. And he died in harness, one night at his desk, after two days of great strain during the war, when he never left the office to eat or sleep. That was how he would have wished to go, with the last edition gone to press and everybody sure that the Times would bring them all the news in the morning."

"I think that was splendid!" cried Beatrice. "This is a wonderful business, isn't it?"

"We are only in a tiny corner of it," said Mrs. Erskine. "But we have a right to be proud of our craft, and to keep its standards high. And that reminds me! I have been ordered by my doctor to stay in bed for three days. So I am going home right away now. I hate to 'rest,' but if I didn't do it occasionally I would break down. So—will you take my desk while I am away?"

"Me?" exclaimed Beatrice, too startled to be grammatical. "You want me to do your work?"

"There is nobody else," replied Mrs. Erskine. "I hate to burden you, dear, but there is nobody else, is there?"

"Oh, it isn't that! I would love to try to do it!" cried Beatrice. "But I just wondered for a moment—I was just so surprised that you had enough confidence in me—"

Then Mrs. Erskine outlined the things that must be done during the next three days.

The list seemed endless, as the girl wrote it down with her pencil flying over the paper. Fashion pictures to "follow up" from the artists,—usually the artists were very tardy, Mrs. Erskine said,—cuts to order from the engraver, galley proofs to read and correct, page proofs, a two-column article to write about hooked rugs and other early American antiques, a fashion letter coming from the Paris correspondent, now three days late on account of a dockmen's strike abroad—the list seemed so formidable that

some of them eluded her. She went back over the proofs, covering them with pencil notations. Then she tried, rather desperately, to think of clever headlines—the kind of crisp, epigrammatic headlines which were a feature of Modes. She used to wonder who thought of them. Now she knew that Mrs. Erskine thought of them. In Mrs. Erskine's absence, Beatrice was bound to do her best.

At last, very much ashamed of her lack of invention and wit, Beatrice wrote six head-



"What is it—what is it, Beatrice?" asked Mrs. Erskine. "Is it bad news?"

Beatrice felt a clammy hand clutch at her heart. Surely she could not do the tiniest part of all these complicated, these professional things.

"Don't be frightened," said Mrs. Erskine. "No," replied Beatrice obediently. "I'll just do the best I can—"

"Angels can do no more, as they said in my home town," added Mrs. Erskine. "Now I am off for my three days in bed. Oh—I forgot to say that the fashion letter will be in French, of course; and Mlle. Gignoux, our correspondent, writes the most atrocious hand. You will have to translate it, and get it copied, and send one copy to the artist and the other to the printer just as soon as you get it—otherwise you will miss our first September issue, and that is the one in which we promise all the news from the Paris fashion openings. Oh, I do hope you will get it tomorrow. If not, cable Mlle. Gignoux for one thousand words and amplify her dispatch when you get it. Make it four thousand words at least."

"But—" began Beatrice. She was about to say: "But I don't speak French."

Something checked her. Perhaps it was her new sense of pride in the publishing craft. A good editor never surrenders. Beatrice suddenly reflected that there must be somebody within call—a Frenchwoman in one of the stores, for instance—who could be found to translate the message from Paris. Beatrice merely smiled at Mrs. Erskine.

"I hope you have a good rest," she said. "Just depend on me to do the best I can."

On the next day began a series of adventures and misadventures which came so rapidly that Beatrice could not find time to classify them in her own mind. The fashion letter did not come. She therefore cabled to Mlle. Gignoux. There was no reply, all day, to the cablegram.

By half past nine o'clock Beatrice had called up all the artists whose work was expected for the forthcoming issue. Two of them had left town for short trips, leaving no addresses. Beatrice implored their studio mates to find them, somehow. Then she became immersed in a mass of work on galley proofs—long strips of paper, printed on one side. The print was full of errors, which Beatrice had to correct. Try as she would,

lines, stuffed the galley proofs back in the big manila envelope, sent it by the office boy across town to the printer, and stared ruefully at a thick pile of page proofs which had been meanwhile deposited on her desk.

These were the proofs of the completed pages, as they would appear in the magazine. But they, too, had to be corrected. She looked over the pages that were ready. One of the illustrations was upside down. She marked the correction; then she saw it was the wrong picture—it showed an evening frock, and not the tailored suit which should have gone on that page.

At that moment the telephone rang. It was from a friend of one of the artists.

"Miss Fisk is ill," said the friend. "I'm sorry that she won't be able to do your work this week."

And then the friend rang off. Beatrice felt a stab of indignation. She called the number back again.

"No," said the same voice, in response to her question. "No—I'm only a personal friend of Miss Fisk. I could not do the work; I'm not an artist. Good-by."

The door of Beatrice's office opened, and Mr. Lee came in.

"Good-morning," he said. "All quiet today, I hope?"

"We-ell," faltered Beatrice, "it doesn't seem very quiet to me. In fact, I think just about everything that could happen has happened!"

"Oh, hardly," said the publisher. "You see, we are a fashion magazine and have to keep pretty close to the news. This is our quietest time in the whole year. I don't think we'll have much trouble. Now, let's see—"

QUICKLY, one item after another, this amazing man unraveled all the knots that were bothering Beatrice. He found another artist to take Miss Fisk's place. He made sudden, clever changes on the page proofs—a better headline here, a witty "caption," or description under a picture, in another place. His big, fat black pencil fairly danced over the proofs.

When a column was too short for the page, he added half a dozen lines so quickly that Beatrice gasped—Mr. Lee apparently manufactured those words out of thin air, yet

when Beatrice read them they added very much to the sense of the column.

"Now, about the fashion letter," he said; "I was glad to see that you cabled for it."

"Mrs. Erskine told me to do so."

"Yes, but I was glad you didn't forget. Some people always seem to forget the important things."

He smiled at her, and went back to his own office.

Beatrice had a feeling that all people in this exciting business of publishing are really comrades. Here was Mr. Lee, the publisher, sitting down and working side by side with his humble young employee. For a moment, Beatrice felt unwontedly humble. And then, clenching her small fists, "Beatrice Boyden," she whispered, "it's up to you!"

ON the following Monday, when Mrs. Erskine had returned, and Beatrice had gone back to her own small and battered desk and her daily bundle of answers to correspondents, a very pleasant thing happened. Mr. Lee held a short conference with Mrs. Erskine, and then Mrs. Erskine sent for Beatrice.

"The chief is quite pleased with you," she said. "He thinks you kept your nerve, when you took my desk, and made a pretty good piece of work out of the fashion cablegram. How did you translate it?"

"A French salesgirl at Franklin Simon's helped me," answered Beatrice. "Oh, I remembered a good deal of my schoolgirl French, but I couldn't have done it without her. She lunched with me, and we did it together."

"Did you pay her for it?"

"Why, no," replied Beatrice, embarrassed by the question. "I never thought of that. She seemed delighted to help—"

"That was not playing the game," said Mrs. Erskine. "Modes can't pay very much, but it can always pay something for services rendered. I will put through a ten-dollar check for you to give her."

That was another lesson for Beatrice. In bed that night she blushed to think that she had tried to get something for nothing. Friendship is friendship—but she well knew that this French girl was supporting an old mother in Rheims by working in New York. Beatrice reproached herself for being so thoughtless and promised herself that it would never happen again.

But Mrs. Erskine, meanwhile, had given her two exciting pieces of news.

"First, and least important," she said, "I want you to come and live with me. Yes—share my apartment. I know you are all alone in New York, and that is dreary for a girl. I have a nice little place up on Morning-side Heights. I get very lonesome, now my husband is gone. You and I could get along very nicely together, don't you think?"

"Indeed, yes," said Beatrice, greatly touched by the offer. "I do think so, but—"

"I don't mean you to divide the expense," added the kind older woman, quickly.

"Suppose you just pay whatever you are paying for your room now?"

In the end, although Beatrice protested that this would be unfair, Mrs. Erskine prevailed. And then she went on to give Beatrice the rest of the news.

"Mr. Lee," she said, "is interested to find that 50 per cent of the letters that come to you are from girls and young women. He thinks that Modes has not made a strong enough appeal to such girls—that our fashions have, in general, been much too costly for them. Mr. Lee's idea is that parents, no matter how rich they are, want to see their daughters gain sensible and economical ideas. He wants a department that will help all rich girls—and all poor girls, too. You have done well with your correspondence; I hope you can do even better with such a department."

"Of course I can!" exclaimed Beatrice.

"You seem very confident."

"But it's just what I have dreamed about," said the girl. "I want room to say the things that I can't squeeze into a letter. I want room for pictures, too. I want to show how to make over a last year's dress and hat, and how to get just a few smart new inexpensive things—all the things that I used to try to get, myself, and that are so easy to find in New York, if you know where to look."

"Gracious!" said Mrs. Erskine. "I believe that the new department has taken shape in your mind already. Have you thought of a title?"

"Dollars and Sense," said Beatrice. "Or maybe you will hit on a better one—you are so much cleverer about titles than I."

Everyone loves a bit of deserved flattery, and Mrs. Erskine smiled at this compliment. "Not a bit cleverer, my dear," she said. "Only a little more experienced."

Three weeks later, the new department was started, and Beatrice's salary was increased \$10 a week. She wrote an enthusiastic letter to Amy—a letter that bubbled with real happiness.

"I am the luckiest girl in the world," she said in this letter. "I am working with the finest people you ever heard of, and they are so good to me! Oh, my dear Amy, why don't you want a career, too? You are so sweet and unselfish that I know you will bury yourself alive in poky little Kingston all your life long. But just think of me walking along Fifth Avenue in a new dress, a genuine French model which we imported for one of our artists to draw last spring,

and I was allowed to buy it afterwards at about one tenth of its value. I just know I can succeed, Amy dear, and I pray every night that I will. Mrs. Erskine is lovely to me, and she has the most wonderful books in her library; and I sit there and read and study to improve myself, and every day I seem to get a little farther along, somehow. Tomorrow I am going to luncheon with Mrs. Erskine at Mrs. Neal Goucher's mansion—yes, the very same Mrs. Goucher who is always in the newspapers, the famous society leader. Think of that, Amy dear! She wants us to find a position for a girl in whom she is interested. Think of Mrs. Goucher consulting me! This letter is waxing almost hysterical, I fear, so I will just say good night. But I am making headway, Amy, I am on my way. I am so happy that it almost hurts."

Beatrice signed this letter, slipped it into a fashionable square envelope, and was just going out of the apartment house to mail it in the letter box across the way. As she opened the door, a telegraph boy came up to her.

"Miss B. Boyden live here?" he muttered.

"I am Miss Boyden."

"Sign here," said the boy, gruffly. "Here's your telegram. Any answer?"

Beatrice fell into a chair, one hand at her throat. Her face turned white, and she could find no words, but motioned the boy away with a gesture.

"What is it—what is it, Beatrice?" asked Mrs. Erskine. "Is it bad news?"

"I have never had a telegram in my life," sobbed Beatrice. "And now—this has come. Please read it. I can't read it to you."

Mrs. Erskine ran her eye quickly over the words. This was the message:

"Father desperately ill Practically no hope Please come

AMY"

Beatrice threw herself down on the big sofa, with her knuckles pressed to her eyes. Through her sobs Mrs. Erskine could discern both regret and sorrow—regret that her dream of unbroken happiness had been so abruptly shattered, sorrow for her father in his mortal illness. Through the stream of Beatrice's words and tears came Mrs. Erskine's gentle, determined voice.

"Control yourself," she commanded. "Your father is seriously ill. You must go to him—at once!"

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II

Synopsis of preceding chapters: Janet Glasgow, her father and mother and her little brother Aleck come to Kansas in a covered wagon and homestead a farm in the stormy days just before the Civil War. A strong, kind-hearted man, Mr. Gard, whom they meet on the way out stays with them and helps them through many dangerous and difficult situations. They find themselves dragged into the thick of the slavery controversy; they soon learn that their neighbor, Mr. Barman, a shiftless ne'er-do-well, must be counted as an enemy, for he is in close communication with the wild band of desperadoes who, pretending that they are working for the good of the government, terrorize the countryside, stealing and burning wherever they go. Janet strikes up a friendship with poor little Mrs. Barman, the bullied, maltreated wife of the villainous Barman, and often Mrs. Barman and Janet find chances to talk together.

Mr. Glasgow is elected to lead an expedition against the desperadoes, taking with him several of the men who have been kindest to the Glasgows, among them young Mr. Taney, whom Janet particularly likes.

When the men come back from the fight, Janet notices how serious they all are. "What is it? Why don't you tell me?" she asks. Her mother takes her by the arm. "I wasn't going to tell you yet, dear," she says. "Young Taney was killed the other night!" This is the first time that one of Janet's own friends has been killed, and she is filled with sadness and indignation. The men, too, are now deeply stirred, and there is every sign of trouble ahead.

BUT just because feeling was so intense and so continuous Janet the next evening wished to add another and a different interest to those which were occupying her so fully. For more than a week she had not seen her friend Mrs. Barman or offered her any attention whatever. She thought of her always as lonely, over there with her dreadful husband, even if other men did come and go. So at dusk, without asking permission, Janet ran across the hilltop and made her way as usual through the yard and up to the back door. She was very cautious, for Mr. Barman might by this time be moving about. He had had time for much improvement since the night she sat here last.

There were men's voices inside again, she perceived immediately. They were subdued, the voices of men in intimate planning. Janet no sooner heard them than she decided to stay, whether it was a thing that one should do or not. Overhearing talk at Barman's was very different from listening at other places. She still had the thought that something useful might come this way. She heard Barman's voice and expected to hear Orcutt's, but it was a strange voice that answered. Janet did not recognize it until Barman called the man by name. Then she recalled Higgins, the man who had spoken to her so angrily that day in Lawrence nearly three months ago.

"The fifth," he was repeating after Barman. "And that's pretty close." But he added as an interpolated thought, "Where's the missus?"

"Sent her on an errand," said Barman shortly. "She don't know any of this. If you'd got them papers the other night," he added regretfully, rather complacently.

"I thought I done enough right then. Too easy scared, I guess. Then it was too late to go back. Didn't know how many more there might be around."

"The money's likely with the papers, wherever that is. You'd a' got 'em both." "Well," said the other man conclusively, "I bet you won't now. They's a regular beehive goin' on there all the time. I been past there twice. The thing is to get him off and keep him off until the day's over an' it goes by default. When'll you be round?"

"Not for another week," said Barman

with a chuckle. "I won't stir out much before I'm needed. No use in scarin' people. I have to get able to ride."

"How's your little friend?"

"Huh—little runt! Strikin' for two hundred. He's goin' to leave the country then."

"He may have to. Maybethe money won't, though." The man gave an ugly grunt.

Janet tried to follow all this. She listened, hoping for a name or a place which would help her to an understanding of it. But the men seemed to be as cautious as if they knew she was listening. It was growing dark, and she was restless. No one knew where she was, and her mother would be wondering. Mr. Barman seemed to be as mean as ever, from the way he talked. He had some bad plan, if she could only make it out. She was

"He has visitors."

"I reckon. He sends me off."

"Have you been gathering flowers?"

What else could one gather out on the prairie?

"No. Look a-her!"

She was indignant. She held out the corners of her apron and shook up its contents—tops of herbs or weeds.

"What are they?" asked Janet, examining them as well as she could in the dim light. She had heard of no useful plant that grew out on this hillside.

"I don't know, and he don't either. I bet it ain't anything. But he pretends it is, and he sends me off to gather some when men come. He pretends they're called prenzils. I think he made up that name for them."



She heard men's voices inside Barman's house. They were subdued, the voices of men in intimate planning. Janet no sooner heard them than she decided to stay

glad that he had been hurt. She hoped that when he went out on this—whatever it was—he would be hurt again. With that thought she rose to slip away. She tiptoed to the fence in front. But some one was coming to the front door, and she waited. A man tied his horse and came briskly into the dark house.

"Blindman's holiday, eh?" he said gayly. She knew it was Mr. Orcutt. He talked loudly and jovially and moved about, preparing to light a lamp. Janet crossed the yard to the back fence and silently climbed over it.

Down in the valley dimness she could see some one moving toward her and stayed to watch. It was Mrs. Barman, coming slowly and spiritlessly homeward and carrying something between the edges of her apron.

"Oh, Janet!" she said in a kind of weak gladness.

"It's been a long while," began Janet as if to excuse her long absence. "We've been so—" But she stopped. It was not for her to tell home news to Mrs. Barman. "How is Mr. Barman?"

"He acts a lot pearter. I can't tell."

"What do you do with them?"

"Stew them and make a tea for him. He says it's good for the liver."

"Does he drink it?" asked Janet dubiously.

"No, he don't," retorted Mrs. Barman with as much anger as she could show. "He makes a fool of me. He pretends the tea ain't made right or he didn't get it fresh, or he pours it out when he thinks I ain't looking. Then pretty soon he sends me off again. Some day I'll listen anyway. I ain't such a fool as he thinks all the time."

"Is he up?"

"He sets up. I reckon he could get out a mite if he wanted to. But he's got something in his ear."

Janet tried to say things which might be soothing but thought she did not succeed very well.

THE next morning was an exciting one anyway. Larry was well enough to be taken away, they thought, and Tredwell was still to look after him. So the two young men were making this the occasion of their going also.

"Having eaten you out of house and home, we will now like locusts move on to another field," said Sage.

Janet rushed to Larry to say good-by. She really had been a little jealous that so little of the nursing and the importance which went with it had fallen to her. It seemed to her that she should naturally have had a more central place.

"If you don't get well right away, Larry, I'll never forgive myself."

Larry stared, under his white bandage, and then laughed a little. "Where did you read language like that, honey? Don't get too intense, Janet." Poor Larry was getting a little tired of his days.

To Janet's great anger her lip quivered. "You saved my life," she said with great dignity. But Larry continued to look languidly surprised.

Then, Tredwell appearing with his kind and grave manner to prepare Larry for moving, she left them to themselves.

They were gone almost before Janet could realize it.

A great quiet and a great emptiness were left behind. Mrs. Glasgow sat down at once with a deep sigh. "Now, Janet, dear," she said, "we've all been having too much. And we're going to rest this afternoon, you and I. As soon as we straighten the house we'll let your bed down and we'll regularly rest."

And rest they did, to a degree the cabin had never known before, only sleeping or talking very drowsily.

In the serene and dutiful feeling which arose, her fault of yesterday came to Janet's mind, and to make her conscience entirely easy she told her mother of her visit to the Barman house. She would not have minded being reproved for it, but her mother did not reprove her. She only sleepily inquired about Mrs. Barman. Then Janet told her about Mrs. Barman's being sent out of the way when the men came, and repeated as much of the conversation as she could recall.

Mrs. Glasgow became more alert. She opened her eyes. "Did they name any men or any place?"

"No—I'm sure. I listened." "They wanted to steal money. And what else?"

Janet told her story again. The talk became even vaguer as she tried to reproduce it, and more elusive.

Her mother thought it over. But she could deduce nothing from it. "We'll tell your father and Mr. Gard when they come," she said at last. "They may know something that will connect with this. You may have forgotten something that would be a key to it, and it may come back to you when you tell them." And she took one more little nap.

BUT Mr. Glasgow when he came home in the evening, alone, had no time or care for reported conversations. In Lawrence it was known that a new party of free-state immigrants had managed to get through Kansas City and were on their way to Douglas County. And it was learned today, through some leakage of pro-slavery counsels, that a company of Buford's South Carolinians intended to intercept them as soon as they had passed Shawnee Mission. And how much was to follow no one knew but anyone might guess.

"Have they families?" asked Mrs. Glasgow falteringly.

"Yes, women and children. There will be ten wagons at least, they say."

"Oh, Hugh!"

"Yes. Stivers is getting a lot of men together to start tonight at dark on the Kansas City road. I promised to go, and so did Gard. So many men are off tonight with

General Lane or on other business that it was hard to get enough together. I'll go as soon as the chores are done. Gard will start from Lawrence. He thought he would save his horse that much."

Mrs. Glasgow opened her mouth to speak and then closed it wearily. This would mean another night alone. And her man, with other men, in danger again. But in a moment she spoke. "I suppose you must go," she said.

"Well, think of those settlers attacked by Buford men. They are so unready when they first come in. What if we had been set upon that first night! I can't do anything else. This won't last always, Esther. Things look as bad now as they have done at any time, I know. And yet anti-slavery settlers come and come—like these. It is the people that have a stake here that will make the final count. We're going to get something solid after all."

"Don't think I want to give up," said his wife more firmly.

"Not you, of course. On Friday I pay for the land and get the final papers. The sale is announced. And then that will be settled and we'll have our home sure. I don't feel quite secure until I have put down the money. We can get another room built before it gets cold weather. You've got along with this one better than anybody else could have done. I never thought we'd have been left alone even so well as we have, after the row we had to start out with. Barman's bad leg was likely what saved us, that and Mayhew's ague."

He was sitting in the doorway chatting comfortably and restfully, while his wife was busy inside. When he mentioned money and Barman she thought of Janet's tale and was about to speak of it. But he sprang up hastily at that moment to go to do the chores, calling Aleck to help him, and she let the matter wait. It might be of no importance anyway.

After supper he set out, to go across country and meet Stivers' men at Franklin on the Kansas City road.

"It's beginning to be almost an everyday matter," his wife said as she stood by Prince while he loaded his rifle.

"Please God, it will soon be a yesterday matter," he answered as he mounted and leaned to kiss her good-by. "Look for me about noon tomorrow—not before. I hope Mart will come home to sleep tonight."

Mart did not come home, but somehow Mrs. Glasgow and the children all slept and slept soundly, as if no danger might be reaching out to them and as if Mr. Glasgow had not gone out to risk his life once more.

But the next noon came, and afternoon, and he did not return.

THEY tried to work and to talk, but it was hard. In all the forenoon no one had come near them. There was no one to go for news. The anxiety of other days returned.

It was about two o'clock when they heard the sound of rushing horses and a wildly rattling wagon. Janet and her mother ran outside quickly. Any sound would have brought them on this afternoon. It was the neighbor, the husband of the sick woman, who was coming, standing and lashing at his horses with the ends of his reins as they ran.

"She's worse!" he shouted. "She's gone back. She's—" He choked on the fear he would have uttered. He fixed an imploring look on Mrs. Glasgow as he jerked his excited horses to a pause.

"I'll come," she said, almost instantly—not quite. She turned a look of distress and discouragement on the children. Then, "I'll come," she said again. The man was turning his team about, that not a moment should be lost. She climbed into the wagon. "Father will be home soon," she said over her shoulder. "Stay by the house, children. Janet, you know—" She was carried off in the jolting, hurrying wagon.

"Everybody's gone but us," said Aleck plaintively.

"Father will be here soon," said Janet, trying to assume the appearance of confidence, "and Mr. Gard."

The place was very still, with a stillness hard to endure. The clock marked three. Then came the sound of horses outside, and men speaking to them. Their father and Mr. Gard! At last! With great relaxation and relief the children sprang up, and these hours rolled off them. They ran to the door, Janet scarcely more restrained than Aleck.

Two strange men faced them, nearer to the door than they had guessed. The children in their precipitation had almost flung themselves upon them. As precipitately they drew back. The merest glance at these men told that they were not here for pleasantness. "Now, sis," said one of them, beginning immediately, "we're in a hurry, and the

sooner we get what we want the better. Where's your father's papers and money?"

"Father isn't here," faltered Janet. "No, nor he won't be for a while. Show us where he keeps his money."

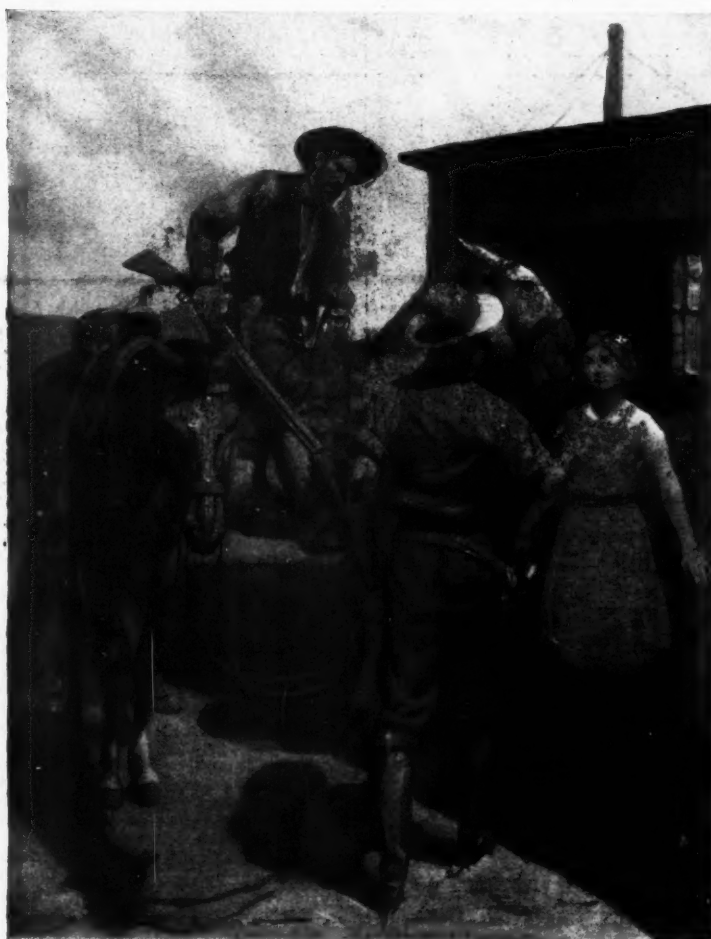
"I can't. I never saw any money except what he had in his pocket. I never saw his papers."

"Don't waste time," interrupted the other man. "We've got to look anyway. The young uns wouldn't know." With one movement he pushed them aside and entered the room. After a single glance he went to a trunk, the only locked receptacle in the

well out of sight from the windows, she went back to join Aleck.

But she could not make herself stay there. She crept back through the corn, now tall enough for a good hiding-place, to listen and watch. The men were still searching, now throwing things about angrily and banging and slamming and making even the stove and cooking-utensils rattle and ring. One came out to search under the house. They called angry sayings to each other.

At last they came outside, each carrying a large bundle of things selected from the house. They stood looking at the little building.



The merest glance at the strange men told that they were not here for pleasantness. "Now, sis," said one of them, "we're in a hurry. Where's your father's papers and money?"

house. "This looks likely," he said. "Where's the key?"

"My mother has it in her pocket."

"All the worse," said the man. In a minute they had the hinges off the trunk and were scattering its contents. They worked grimly, silently, thoroughly. But they found nothing of what they wanted.

"Try the bed," said the other man, kicking the covering and linen aside. And they began systematically to strip the bed. One would have supposed that they had often searched houses.

While they were handling the bedding Janet led Aleck outside. She could not bear all this—these rough men laying rude, violent hands on all her mother's neat, careful ordering and preserving of things. It was almost as if they were touching her mother. Already the house looked as it never had done before. And now they were ripping the bed-tick and thrusting their hands into all parts of it, spilling its contents. And probably worse than this would follow.

So busy were the men that they did not see the children disappear. "We'll go up here," said Janet, "and then they can't ask us any more questions." So she sent Aleck up to the friendly hazel-brush. She herself thought of something else, though. These were the kind of men who would steal Pronto again—Pronto, now grown quite well and plump and once more desirable. So she went back to secure him and lead him away to the timber. She was glad that their other horses were all away today. It was sheer vindictiveness—no shrewd planning at all—that made her stop to untie the ruffians' horses and turn them loose. Then, keeping

"Let's burn it," said one impatiently. "Not yet," said the other. "I'll bet that's round here somewheres, and we got to get it. We don't want to burn it up. We know it ain't on Glasgow."

"Where's the young uns? We might try them again." They looked all about, and Janet lay very low among the corn. She recalled too well the day the man had twisted her arm down by the spring. "Skinned out, I reckon."

"Where's the horses?" the other man exclaimed. They were both startled. It was clear that their horses were gone. They had been tied at the corner of the shed.

Now they were furious indeed. They exclaimed and looked and uttered abuse.

JANET raised her head long enough to watch them impatiently walking away. She did not move yet, in her place among the friendly corn. She saw them go along the hilltop, on past Barman's, stopping only for a word, saw them disappear in the valley beyond and reappear on a more distant height. The horses had passed out of view. Then she called to Aleck and hand in hand, timorously, they approached the house.

Janet had never dreamed that a house could be so sad a spectacle. They had the fewest possible possessions with them, but the place now looked full, with things broken and things torn and things scattered—and all insulted, it seemed. Even Mrs. Robinson's possessions, in the burning house that day, had not looked so mishandled. Those rough angry hands knew nothing of decency.

"I wish I could shoot them!" cried Aleck. "We must straighten up before mother

comes," said Janet, trying to be as practical and unexcited as possible.

So they set their small hands to the almost hopeless task.

So busy were they that they were hardly aware that more hours were passing and their father not home yet.

BUT in time they must think of his absence. The house was dressed again, until it looked almost as it had before, the floor swept, the beds lumpy but covered. The children looked at their work with some satisfaction.

"But where's father?" cried Aleck, the house releasing his attention. Where was he? The sun was getting low.

Languidly they brought up the cows. And languidly and doubtfully Janet began to prepare a supper. If only somebody would come to eat it!

And their mother did come, the neighbor's wagon bringing her. His wife was comfortable again. He thought Mrs. Glasgow a wonderful nurse. But she was saying as she alighted from the wagon, "I told you it was only indigestion, Mr. Frome. You must be more careful what she gets to eat."

Then she turned to the children, waiting for her in great self-restraint. "Where's father?" she asked.

"He hasn't come yet," answered Janet, trying to speak steadily.

"I'll do your milking for you," said Mr. Frome, glad to offer a service. And she silently handed him the milk-pails and went into the house, the children very close to her.

One glance of her housekeeping eye told her that there was some strangeness here. "What is it?" she asked, looking about. And they told her all that had happened.

"But we put things back," said Aleck proudly.

The tears came to his mother's eyes, perhaps more at his tone than at the damage or the danger. And then they busily showed her what things had been broken or hurt. There was so little that they could spare here.

Mr. Frome brought in the milk, and she questioned him—as she had not thought of doing before—about the expedition of last night, to help the new settlers. But he knew nothing of what was going on. He was a quiet man who had drawn no quarrels or opposition to himself, and he had been all absorbed of late in his wife and baby. He asked if he could do any other chores and then hurried back to them.

"Mother," said Janet, as they dully ate a bit of supper, "things are so mixed up out here."

"How, dear?"

"Well, when you read about fighting anywhere, it's just fighting. But here it's all mixed up with—milking and broken dishes and things."

Mrs. Glasgow laughed, and then laughed again more sympathetically, so that Janet's feelings would not be hurt. "It isn't very romantic—is it?—to come home from a fight and go out to feed the horses or hoe the garden, as if you had only been to town? I know. But you see people like us are making homes here."

"Mother," said Aleck, wishing to have part in this mature conversation, "where are the negroes?"

"Where, Aleck?"

"There aren't any here. Aren't we fighting about them?"

"It does look queer, doesn't it?"

"And we'll never give up," said Janet firmly at the end. "If they burn our house, we'll build another."

"And we'll shoot the man that did it," added Aleck with great spirit.

"Not so much talk about shooting, Aleck. The house is not burned yet."

But Mrs. Glasgow spoke quietly. Janet partly understood what her mother was thinking. Gradually she had learned or guessed what their circumstances here were, though her parents dwelt little on their perplexities. They had sacrificed much, financially, in coming to Kansas. Already they had given up a year's income, besides the cost of moving and the new investment. There had been other losses too, of which Janet heard vaguely, which would not have occurred if they had stayed in Ohio. The precious letter she had carried to Lawrence that May day, had never reached its destination, and the business involved had miscarried. Even the little house, cheap as it was, was now valuable, and the land was necessary to them. So Mrs. Glasgow did not speak gayly when burning the buildings was suggested.

Mart came back after a while. But he had no news.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

A Happy New Year to every Bicycle Rider

To those who haven't a bicycle, we can only say your year will be happier when you get one. Tell Dad you want it for your birthday—equipped, of course, with the New Departure Coaster Brake.

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MISCELLANY

Historic Calendar



Drawn by L. F. Grant

January 6, 1759. Washington married

*In gown of fair brocade and coat of red
Our Nation's parents plightd vows eternal,
When sprightly Mrs. Martha Custis wed
George Washington, the young militia
colonel.*

ARTHUR GUTTERMAN

THE LION IN THE SNOW

THE compiler of an ancient book on the history of Israel's heroes gathered together the traditions that were current in Palestine concerning the heroes who lived in David's time. It cannot surprise us to know that a personality like that of David drew to him a group of adventurous young men who vied with one another in feats of daring for his sake. According to this ancient record, there were thirty men who were especially close to him, and who, inspired by love of him, performed valiant deeds. It was a kind of Arthurian round table, with David in Arthur's seat.

An interesting story is told of one of the men, Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada. He had vanquished two "lion-like" champions. He had overcome an Egyptian giant, and the Egyptian carried a spear like a weaver's beam. Benaiah went into the fight barehanded, cleverly snatched the spear from the clumsy giant, and used the weapon effectively against its owner.

Yet the picturesque fights of Benaiah on the battlefield were not his only claim to immortality. The story that was best liked about him was that he killed a lion, in a pit, on a snowy day.

Snow and lions do not often occur together. Lions live, for the most part, where there is no snow. But Palestine lay between the Syrian desert on the north and the Arabian wilderness on the south. Lions could get in and did get in from three sides. And Palestine had almost as many climates as New England. Snow was infrequent, but it did sometimes fall.

Palestine people do not like snow. They are not prepared for it. Their shoes, especially in ancient times, were not of a sort that gave them protection. When it snowed, people stayed indoors. And if there was a lion about, that was no inducement to go out in the uncomfortable weather.

But Benaiah faced the unpleasant weather, called out we know not by what errand, and when he found the lion's track he did not flee in the other direction but followed it. He followed the track to the pit where the lion had taken refuge, and killed it.

Even for a giant-killer that was a distinction. Benaiah had succeeded against the discomfort of the snow and the danger of the lion. It was a double victory.

In Pilgrim's Progress, the hero was terrified by lions discovered ahead on either side of the road; but when he took courage and boldly approached them, he saw that they were chained. That is true of a large proportion of life's threatened perils. But some lions have to be fought, and the weather is not always in ideal condition for the fight. The hero is he who faces both the snow and the lion and wins his victory by courage.

THE BIRD MAN

MAN'S first dreams of flying assumed wings of some kind attached to his shoulders like those of a bird. The unfortunate Icarus devised wings like that, and Leonardo da Vinci, learned engineer as he was, still thought of wings fastened to a man's body as the only means of keeping him buoyed up in the air. The airplane is a different kind of invention. It has wings indeed, but the wings are part of an engine—

(Continued on page 11)

BOYS



Drawn from actual photograph of student doing spare time electrical work

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How would you like to earn two or three dollars every evening after school and prepare yourself for a fine big job at the same time? Here's the opportunity of a lifetime for you fellows who like Electricity. Begin right now to prepare yourself for a regular man's size job in this fascinating field. Your chances for a big success are simply wonderful—the pay is big (\$70 to \$200 a week) and advancement comes swift and sure.

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"I guess I forgot to tell you I am now in business for myself. Am doing fine, but owe it all to you. If it had not been for your Course, I, being under age, could not have secured my license in this town. But I got it, and now have all the work I can do, averaging \$20 to \$30 a week, thru spare time work. I went out on a job tonight after school, on which I made \$3 and brought home another on which I made \$2.50—\$5.50 for 4 hours' work and no material furnished by me."

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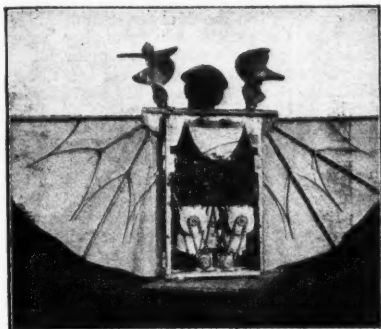
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(Continued from page 10)

driven machine in which the flyer sits. Nevertheless, inventors are still trying to find a way to make man himself the flying creature and not a mere passenger. An Austrian engineer, Anton Lutsch by name, has contrived a machine to be fastened to a man's shoulders, fitted with bat-like wings to sustain his weight and driven by a gasoline engine which rests against the man's back. Two helicopter screws peep up over the flyer's shoulders, and they are intended to enable him to rise quietly and almost vertically into the air. The apparatus weighs only eighty-eight pounds, and Herr Lutsch hopes to reduce that weight by twenty pounds by substituting aluminum for iron wherever possible. He says the machine can be built for about \$100.

Our own beloved Companion author, John T. Trowbridge, in his immortal verses about "Darius Green and his Flying Machine," seems to have given even the most modern engineers something to think about.



THE JUNIOR FICTION CONTEST

SELDOM, if ever, has a magazine announcement made such an impression upon ambitious young writers, and upon their teachers, as the Junior Fiction Contest, which was described in full on page 1033 of last week's issue. The competitors are to be young people between their fifteenth and twenty-first birthdays; the three main prizes of \$500.00, \$200.00 and \$100.00 are well worth winning—they are, no doubt, the largest prizes ever offered to young authors of imaginative literature. But there is a much greater reward open to successful young writers—their work will appear in the columns of The Youth's Companion, and they may hope to grow up to take the places of those eminent writers of the past like John T. Trowbridge, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mayne Reid and many others who contributed to our pages in former years.

The stories in this contest are limited in length to 4000 words. This may seem very brief at a time when many popular "short story" writers are invited—nay, encouraged—by magazine editors to spin out their tales to 12,000 or 15,000 words. But such prolixity destroys the charm of the short story, which was a distinctively American innovation, and is at its best only when it is really short. The greatest masters of this form, from Poe to Kipling, from Daudet to O. Henry, presented their very best work well within the compass that The Youth's Companion now prescribes for its young friends and contributors. The sooner a story is received, the more chance it has for immediate recognition and publication, before the great avalanche of manuscript comes to hand toward the end of the contest on April 15 next. For full particulars, read page 1033 of last week's issue.

ROUTED BY THE SUBURBANITES

MARK TWAIN was about as successful on the lecture platform as between the covers of his books. It was his observation—conveyed to us in his "Autobiography"—that lectures ought always to be tried out on small town audiences before offering them to city lecture-goers.

The country audience, he says, is the difficult audience; a passage which it will approve with a ripple will bring a crash in the city. A fair success in the country means a triumph in the city. And so, when we finally stepped on to the great stage at the Music Hall, we already had the verdict in our pocket.

But sometimes lecturers who were "new to the business" did not know the value of "trying it on the dog," and these were apt to come with an untried product. There

(Continued on page 19)

FEATURES PLUS—the reason why Chrysler "60" stands out so unmistakably alone and in contrast with other values in the light-six field.



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WHEN your mother and father place the Chrysler "60" alongside of the ordinary six, they will instantly recognize why any attempt to compare it "feature" against "feature" is in vain.

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FACT AND COMMENT

THE crying need of our time is for leadership. There is no prophet, no poet, no statesman who seems willing to sail the sea of thought alone.—Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.

A GEOLOGIST says picturesquely that the glaciers during the ice age stole the soil of Labrador and that New England was the receiver of the stolen goods. Many a New England farmer will testify that the stuff was hardly worth stealing.

A MAN living in Fergus Falls, Minnesota, declares that he is the "coffee-drinking champion." He supported his claim to the title by drinking sixty-two cups of coffee in twelve hours. He should now compete with the pie-eating champion and the champion consumer of steamed clams for the title of champion abuser of the human stomach.

SUNFLOWER COUNTY, MISSISSIPPI, must be a delightfully healthful region. A young girl from Sunflower, Jeannette Rushing, has just divided with an Iowa girl the distinction of being the healthiest feminine member of the famous Four-H farm clubs. The title was awarded at the annual International Live Stock Exposition at Chicago, and it is interesting to observe that Sunflower County girls won the same title in 1923 and 1924. The healthiest boy, this year, came from Kentucky. He is fifteen years old, runs his home farm in partnership with his father, is up every morning at five and in bed at eight. There's one young fellow whom the "jazz age" hasn't spoiled.

A NEW CENTURY

ANOTHER New Year has come; but for The Youth's Companion it is not like other New Years. It marks for The Companion the beginning of a new century; the old paper has entered upon its second hundred years of life.

"A hundred years old! It certainly does not look it!" said one of our friendly contemporaries in commenting on our arrival at an age almost as venerable for periodicals as for human beings. We are glad to think that this is so; that throughout a century during which the habits, manners, modes of thought and material environment of life have changed with more rapidity than in any similar period since the world was created The Youth's Companion has shown a vitality and a power of continual adaptation to the needs and interests of its readers that make it, at the beginning of its second century, as young in spirit and as full of healthy life as it has ever been.

We mean to keep it so, to pass it on to the fifth and sixth generation of readers, still the friend and companion of growing and developing youth; still the most welcome and helpful weekly visitor that any American family can have. We are deeply grateful to the thousands of subscribers who by their long and faithful support have made the happy past of The Youth's Companion possible. We promise to do our best to retain the affection of all of these old friends; and we intend to make The Companion so indispensable to the many new subscribers that are yearly added to our lists that they in turn shall become as deeply attached to the paper as those in whose families it has been, not a guest, but one of the fireside circle for two, three or four generations.

May The Youth's Companion's second century be as serviceable and as fruitful as the first!

GETTING INTO ANNAPOLIS

EVER since The Youth's Companion printed an article on "The Navy as a Career," by one of the most distinguished young officers in the service, we have been receiving letters from boys who want to know more about getting into the Navy. We have become convinced that there is a great deal of interest in this subject among our young readers, and it is with the idea of answering the questions that the boys are already on the point of asking us that we write this editorial.

Appointments to the Naval Academy at Annapolis are made in regular course by the Senators and Members of Congress, each of whom has the right to have two cadets of his selection in the Academy at the same time. Formerly it was the practice for the Senators and Congressmen to appoint boys whom they knew or who were recommended to them by persons in whom they had confidence. So it was necessary for an ambitious boy to get access direct or indirect to one of the representatives from his state in Washington. Some Congressmen still appoint cadets in this way, particularly from states where there is not much competition for vacancies at Annapolis. But still more are in the habit of holding a competitive examination, whenever a cadetship falls vacant. Any boy can enter the lists, and the appointment goes to the one who passes with the most credit. If you want to enter the Navy, write first of all to your Congressman or one of the Senators from your state, and find out when a vacancy will occur and in what manner it will be filled.

It is usually the practice to appoint one or more alternates, for it sometimes happens that the lucky boy who gets the appointment fails to pass the entrance examination at Annapolis or else turns out to have some form of physical disability which bars him from the naval service. You must have normal eyesight and hearing and no serious physical weakness—particularly of the heart—in order to get into the Navy. Your own physician can usually tell you whether you are in sound enough condition to pass the Navy tests.

When you have got your appointment you must pass another examination at Annapolis in English, history, algebra, geometry and one year's work in physics. The Academy will accept a certificate of your work from your school, if it is of accredited standing, but even then you will have to take a "substantiating" examination in English and mathematics. You can get a pamphlet telling you exactly what the requirements are in each subject, by writing to the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

A few additional appointments are made directly by the President, and 125 cadets are selected each year from the enlisted men of the Navy, Marine Corps and Naval Reserve. These last appointments are always made after competitive examinations.

One thing more: you cannot get into the Naval Academy before you are sixteen or after you are twenty. If you are between those ages, are physically sound and have an education in a good high school, and if you are willing to do some extra work in preparation for the examinations, your chances of getting a cadet's uniform are good, though there are usually a number of applicants for each vacancy, and some of them are bound to be disappointed.

A BIT OF HISTORY

IN July, 1835, a group of white men in Florida came upon a party of Indians who had met to hunt. The white men seized the Indians, tied them up and flogged them with rawhide whips. Before the flogging was over another party of Indians appeared and fired on the whites, and were fired on by them. So began the Second Seminole War, a conflict that seems insignificant beside those that have occurred since then; yet that war produced some of the most desperate fighting in which the armies of the United States ever participated, and at least one ambush and massacre that was as startling and almost as complete as the destruction of Custer's command at the Little Big Horn.

On the 28th of December the companies of Captains Gardiner and Fraser of the United States Army were marching under command of Major Dade from Tampa Bay toward Camp King. At eight o'clock in the

morning, when the men were in an open pine barren, where there was no undergrowth but grass, a burst of rifle fire as from a thousand weapons fell upon them and cut down nearly half of them. By taking the shelter of trees and by building a rude breastwork of logs, the soldiers kept up the fight until two o'clock in the afternoon. By that time every officer had been killed or seriously wounded, and every man but two. The Indians then rushed the barricade. Of the whole force of white men only four escaped.

The war went on, vigorously prosecuted by the powerful Osceola on one side and Gen. Andrew Jackson on the other. It ended with the capitulation of the Seminoles and the surrender of their chief. Then a misunderstanding occurred that led the Indians to charge the government with bad faith; and from that day down to the present they have held aloof from the white race, lived their life and maintained their tribal customs and coherence in the fastnesses of the Everglades and cherished their bitter memories and their hatred.

But now a change has come.

Tony Tommy, the present chief of the tribe, whose wife is a descendant of that Osceola who fought so fiercely ninety years ago, has written to President Coolidge that he and three hundred of his people desire to become American citizens. Of course, legally, they are American citizens now, but they evidently wish to go through some formality that will place them definitely on record as having assumed a new status. They ask only that they be allowed to continue to occupy their ancestral home, the mysterious and beloved Everglades.

It is an interesting chapter of American history, here only outlined. In details, no volume of Old Cap Collar or of Horatio Alger contains more thrilling.

FURS

IT would be an amusing and instructive thing if some fur dealer would establish and maintain a zoological exhibit in his show windows. On cage No. 1 you would read "Hudson Seal," and on the other cages down the line, "Arctic Seal," "Baltic Seal," "Aleutian Seal," "Nutria," "Mendoza Beaver." They are names that arrest attention and pique curiosity, for the natural history books say nothing of many of them. Aleutian seal, for example, suggests adventure and romance. You hear again "The wolf's long howl from Unalaska's shore." Is this boreal amphibian like his brother of the Pribilof islands? Do the bulls maintain their harems and fight fiercely for their possession?

And the Mendoza beaver—does he build dams and fell trees, as his more familiar relative does, or is he an innocent pawn in the popular game of Beaver?

Alas, the disappointing truth! Beneath the Hudson-seal label in the first cage sits a little animal on the edge of a pool. In his forepaws he holds an apple, which he gnaws with gusto. You caught his brother last week in the swamp on the old farm, for in private life he is just plain Mr. Muskrat. The animals in all the other cages are only rabbits. They assume the *nommes de pelage* only after they have passed away—after they have died and been dyed.

It is for that reason that better-business bureaus in various cities are recommending that all such trade names be dropped, and furs sold for just what they are. Dealers in Boston have already adopted that practice, and the national association has approved it. The present custom probably deceives no one, since the trade names have come to stand for something as definite as the zoological names once meant; but it is hard on the Alaska seal. How can he maintain his reputation and support a family if every rabbit and every muskrat in the world is allowed to compete with him?

How keen that competition is may be judged from the fact that from fourteen to seventeen million muskrats a year are taken in this country alone, and besides the millions of rabbits that our own territory produces we import about a hundred million skins a year. About one half of the rabbit skins are made into fur garments. So great, indeed, is the modern demand for furs that the skins of sheep, horses, dogs and cats are dressed for manufacture into articles of wearing apparel. The hide of the goat is plucked, and when stenciled with spots becomes a leopard skin. The pelt of our little black-and-white nocturnal rambler sells freely under its true name, and no longer as "aromatic sable." Everything is now fur except the skins of the porcupine, the walrus and the armadillo.

THIS B WORLD

A Weekly Summary of Current Events

CONGRESS MEETS

THE Sixty-ninth Congress met for its second, or "short," session on December 6. By law it must adjourn on March 4, so there are only three months for the consideration of the more than a thousand bills that will be presented to it. Besides the important appropriation bills there will arise the question of what disposition to make of the surplus of some \$400,000,000 created by the unexpectedly large receipts from the income tax. That question will be hotly debated. The Administration favors giving a substantial rebate on income taxes payable in 1927; many members of Congress want the money spent in paying off part of the national debt; Senator Brookhart means to suggest that the surplus be used to finance a measure of farm relief similar in principle to that contained in the McNary-Haugen bill; and the Democrats will probably take advantage of the situation to press for a general reduction of the income taxes and perhaps of tariff duties as well. Congress will also be asked to pass a bill putting all radio broadcasting under government control.

CHINA BOILS

"THE gravest situation that has arisen in China since the Boxer rebellion," is the way London and Washington describe the crisis that has followed the repeated victories of Gen. Chiang's Cantonese army along the Yang-tse River. The laborers of Hankow and Wuchang have been organized in soviets, we are told, after the Russian fashion, and they have begun to show an unruly hostility to all foreigners, which may conceivably end in open violence. Gunboats were dispatched by Great Britain, France and the United States to Hankow, and it is hoped that they will be able to protect the Europeans and Americans living there. Unrest is also reported from Shanghai, Changsha and Foochow,—an American gunboat has also been sent to the latter city,—and there is every reason to believe that, if Chiang continues to win victories, South and Central China will burst into a flame of nationalistic enthusiasm which may be very dangerous to foreign interests there. It is to be said to Chiang's credit, however, that he is endeavoring to suppress outbreaks against the European settlements.

MORE ABOUT FARM RELIEF

WE spoke recently of the "debenture" plan of farm relief, favored by the National Grange. The convention of delegates from various other farmer organizations which met in St. Louis was equally certain that the "farm-surplus control" measure which ex-Governor Lowden of Illinois suggests was the best way of dealing with the problem. This plan puts cooperative organizations of farmers who raise such crops as wheat, corn, rice and cotton in control of the surplus of any such crop which conditions may create. There would be a Federal board which would carry on a continual study of agricultural conditions, and whenever satisfied of the ability of a cooperative organization to deal with the situation as regards any particular crop this board would grant to the cooperative full power to acquire, hold and dispose of the surplus in any way that would prevent the domestic price from falling too low.

ONTARIO GOES WET

THE election in the Canadian province of Ontario resulted in a surprising victory for the Conservative party, which, under the leadership of Premier Ferguson, is pledged to the repeal of the prohibitory law that has been in force for ten years. About three quarters of the new parliament are ready to vote for the legal sale of liquor under government control, according to some such system as the province of Quebec has adopted.

ARBITRATING RAILWAY WAGES

THE first case of arbitration arising under the Watson-Parker railway act was promptly decided by the board appointed for that purpose. According to that decision 89,000 conductors and trainmen on Eastern railroads were given an increase in wages, which will average about forty-two cents a day to each worker. This is not quite half what the railwaymen's unions had asked for, but it will cost the railroads about \$15,000,000 a year.

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THE Y. C. LAB

The National Society for Ingenious Boys



This seal on manufactured products certifies tests made by the Y. C. Lab

DIRECTOR'S NOTE: This article is the first of a series to be published by Councilor Young on the fascinations of practical electricity. There is perhaps no field in which the Lab Membership has manifested an interest so keen as that which has developed over the theory and practical workings of small low-voltage electrical equipment.

These articles by Councilor Young are designed to answer most of the many questions regarding electricity which daily reach the Lab office and to give Members a better understanding of the theory upon which motor and generator performance rests. They are written in a style which is bound to attract the attention of all and which no Lab Member should have trouble in understanding easily. They will prepare the way for a later article on the practical design of small motors.

Members having questions concerning anything stated in these articles are encouraged to communicate with the Director, inclosing a two-cent stamp for reply.

THERE are three common effects that are produced by a current of electricity. Everyone has observed that the filament of an incandescent lamp operates at a high temperature. The passage of electric current through this delicate tungsten wire has heated it. This illustrates the heating effect of the electric current. The electro-



Fig. 1

plating equipment described on the Lab page for September 30 is typical of a second class of phenomena, which can be grouped under the heading of the chemical effect of the electric current. The third group includes the magnetic effects of the electric



Fig. 2A



Fig. 2B

THE COUPON OF NO REGRETS

MANY people, boys not least, are apt to regard a coupon with interest. What lies behind it? What sort of people will receive it, when you cut it out and mail it, and what will they do for you?

The Y. C. Lab people are known to you. Their coupon is known far and wide as the means to attainment possible for boys through no other channel. The little rectangle of paper just below may be the equivalent of several five-dollar gold pieces. It may be a hundred-dollar bill. For one boy every year it is better than a thousand dollar bond! And the best of it is that any boy in the world is entirely eligible to compete for the benefits which it may bring. These benefits all result from the same first step. The forthcoming Y. C. Lab Fellow for 1927 and the most modest Associate Member both start in just the same way. The tools which lead to success are in every household. The first is a scissors to clip the Coupon of No Regrets. The second is a pen with which to fill it out. Then, of course, there are the envelope and the stamp. But that's all. Full information on all the scientific and financial benefits the Lab may bring to you will come by return mail.

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To receive full information about membership in the Y. C. Lab, clip this coupon, fill it out, and mail it to

The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me an Election Blank on which I may submit my name for election to the Y. C. Lab.

Name

Full Post Office Address

Motors and Generators

I. How an Electric Motor Works

By COUNCILOR LOUIS H. YOUNG, S.B., S.M.

Assistant Professor of Physics, Massachusetts Institute of Technology

current, and we shall be mainly interested in these magnetic effects in our explanation of electric motors and generators.

In order to understand the operation of these machines we must agree to adopt the following schemes of illustrating magnetism and electricity.

Magnetic Fields

If you place two bar magnets so that the north pole of one faces the south pole of the other and sprinkle iron filings between the two, you will observe that the filings direct themselves as shown by the lighter lines in Fig. 1. The space between the magnet poles is called a magnetic field.

You will also notice that the two magnets are attracted toward each other. If you reverse one magnet so that two south or two north poles are facing, the force between them will be one of repulsion. Like poles repel, unlike poles attract. Imagine now a very small particle which is a north magnetic pole and place it between the two bar magnets arranged as in Fig. 1. The north pole on the left repels our little particle, while the south pole on the right attracts it. Of course it will move in the direction of the arrows on the lighter lines, following the particular line on which it was first placed. The direction in which the little north pole has moved is called the direction of the magnetic field. It is

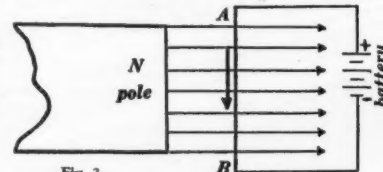


Fig. 3

customary to represent this direction by means of arrows, and these arrows we may think of as being shot out of the north pole and into the south pole.

But what has all this to do with electric motors? Be patient and read carefully. We must agree on another scheme of representing things.

Magnetic Fields Produced by Electric Currents

Fig. 2A represents the end view of a wire which is perpendicular to this page. The cross represents the tail of an arrow, and it signifies that an electric current is traveling away from you. Fig. 2B represents the end view of another wire similarly placed. The dot at the center representing the point of an arrow is to signify to you that electric current is traveling toward you. If we could obtain our little imaginary north pole which we used for the bar magnet experiment and place it close to the wire 2A, we should ob-

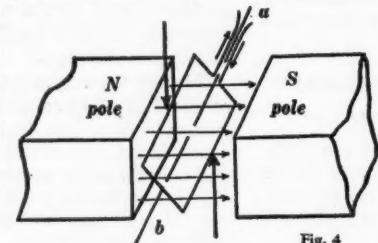


Fig. 4

serve that it traveled around the wire in the direction of the arrow. If we place the pole near the other wire, it will reverse its direction of rotation. Whenever an electric current flows through a wire a magnetic field surrounds it. You can observe this yourself, by noting how a compass needle behaves when brought close to an electric wire. Try this experiment. Wrap a large number of turns of insulated copper wire around an iron rod

about 3 in. long and $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter. Connect the ends of the winding to a battery. Your rod becomes strongly magnetized, and you have constructed an electro-magnet.

Side Push of a Magnetic Field on a Wire

Now for the fundamental principle which makes the electric motor possible! Suppose we arrange apparatus as shown in Fig. 3. The battery sends current through the wire AB in the

(Continued on next page)

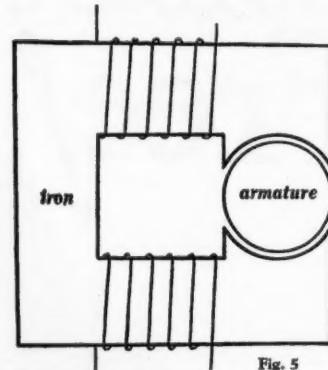


Fig. 5

58th Weekly \$5 Award

Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "The Director is empowered to make a Cash Award of \$5.00 weekly to the Member or Associate Member submitting, in the Director's opinion, a project of unusual merit."



MEMBER Russell Aitken (16) of Wickliffe, Ohio, is the designer of the above pictured model airplane which wins for him the 58th Weekly \$5.00 Award. The photograph is excellent and reveals a high quality of workmanship. Member Aitken's own description is brief, but to the point:

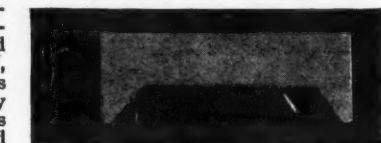
"The fuselage is 26 in. long, and the wing spread is 38 in. The material used was $\frac{1}{2}$ in. spruce, sawed in half and planed to a thickness of $\frac{1}{8}$ in. Both wings and tail have adjustable parts, ailerons on the wings, and elevators on the tail. The wing braces are made of $\frac{1}{8}$ in. dowels, sanded down. The propeller is constructed of alternate strips of white ash and mahogany, laminated. The wheels are lathe-turned. The engine-hood is made of sheet aluminum, bent to fit, as is also the tail-skid. The pilot-seat is carved from pine, upholstered with brown artificial leather. The plane is enameled white, with under part of wings and braces coated with spar varnish.

Special Award

Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "At the option of the Director, one or more Special Cash Awards not exceeding \$2.00, may be granted every week to Members or Associate Members submitting deserving projects or suggestions."

ASPECIAL AWARD goes this week to Member Robert Neu of Farmington, Ia., (15) for an electric toaster of his own construction.

Member Neu laid out the pattern for the base of the toaster on galvanized iron, cut it out and riveted the ends of the pattern together to form the ends and base. The heating element of the toaster is made out of a 12-ft. length of fine wire, wound around a stick $\frac{1}{8}$ in. in diameter with the turns kept taut and close together. The toaster may be finished with aluminum paint or enameled.





Regular fellows have CLEAN white teeth

THERE'S nothing weak about Steve Baker. He can drive the puck like a pro, and on those hockeys of his he skates around the lake like the national champion himself.

Steve is right "there" with the boys; and speaking of girls—well, he's no slouch with the ladies either. When he smiles, his good-looking teeth make hearts go pitter-patter.

What makes Steve's teeth shine so white? He keeps them *clean*—not in a druggery way, but just by good, natural cleanliness. He uses Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream twice a day—in the morning and at bedtime.

Colgate's cleans teeth the natural way. It foams up on your brush, gets in between the teeth, and washes them *clean*. Your teeth get smooth and white; and your mouth, too, feels refreshed.

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The Y. C. Lab—Continued MOTORS AND GENERATORS

direction of the arrow alongside it. A north magnetic pole is placed close to the wire, and it furnishes a magnetic field whose direction is shown by the horizontal arrows. Here is what happens. The wire is pushed sideways; not away from or toward the magnet, but out toward you. Fortunately, we have a rule that will always tell us the direction of this side push. Hold the thumb, forefinger and middle finger of your left hand so that they are all at right angles to one another. Place the forefinger in the direction of the magnetic field. Now turn your wrist so that the middle finger points in the direction of the current flow in the wire AB. Your thumb points in the direction of the side push. See what will happen if the direction of current flow in the wire is reversed. The wire is pushed away from you.

Now we are ready to construct our elementary motor. Make a loop of wire as shown in Fig. 4 and mount this loop between the poles of two bar magnets so that it is free to turn about the axis *ab*. Connect the ends of this loop to a battery. Apply the left-hand rule and you will find that the right-hand side of the loop is pushed *up* while the left-hand side is pushed *down*. Note carefully what we have done. By supplying a magnetic field in which to insert a loop of wire through which current passes we have arranged the apparatus so that forces are exerted which will tend to rotate the loop. We have developed an electric motor.

If you actually try this construction, you will find that your motor is of no practical value. Two factors make this true. The magnetic field is not strong enough, and there should be a great number of loops instead of one.

How can we overcome the first difficulty? Let us build an electro-magnet which will be much more powerful than a permanent magnet. We can make our own magnet more efficient by making the air path which the magnetic field passes through as short as possible. Our construction will now appear as in Fig. 5. The core upon which the loops of wire are wound is made of iron so that the space between the magnet poles and core is very small. We have increased the strength of the magnetic field, and the side push on a loop has been increased. If we make a great number of loops, we shall have an increased number of side pushes, and the elementary motor becomes a practical and useful device.

The next article of the series will deal with the various types of motors and methods of winding and commutation.

Questions and Answers

Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "Any Member, Associate Member or Applicant who has filed his first project has the privilege of calling for any technical information he desires from the Director, who will designate the Councilor to reply, without cost or obligation to the Member. All Councilors must respond promptly to any request by Members."

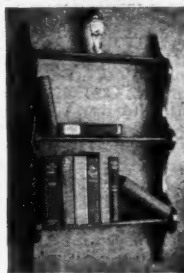
Q.—What is the best waterproof glue to use in building model yachts? What are the best tools to use in carving the interior of the hull? Could you furnish me with or inform me where I can obtain plans for a small motor boat measuring over all about 6 ft. and about 12 or 15 ins. amidships? Associate Member Maxwell D. Lathrop, Jr., 12 Washington St., Carbondale, Pa.

A.—by Councilor Magoun: I can heartily recommend to you the waterproof glue manufactured by the Casein Manufacturing Co., 15 Park Row, New York City. Directions for using come with the glue. Dig out the interior of your hull with a big gouge, and be sure to do this before the outside is finished. If you try to do it afterward, you are likely to damage the hull. I can neither furnish nor refer you to plans made primarily for a small motor boat about 6 ft. long, but I can obtain for you any number of plans from which such a model can be built if you will undertake the not difficult task of changing the scale of the drawing; multiply the dimensions by three, for instance. If you anticipate building a model as large as that, I urge you to saw out a generous section in the center of each board before gluing up the lifts. It will save a lot of hollowing out.

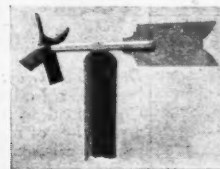
Q.—What is the best preparation with which to cover the sails of a model ship to make the sails look full? Associate Member David Wood, 28 Sycamore St., Springfield, Mass.

A.—by Councilor Magoun: It is quite a difficult trick to cover a sail with white shellac and hold the sail in a "wind-bellied" position for ten or fifteen minutes until the shellac has dried, but it looks very well when finished and holds its shape indefinitely. I would advise you to try it out a few times on some extra pieces of cloth. Occasionally some one tries to produce the effect by sewing wires into the sails, but this is not at all satisfactory.

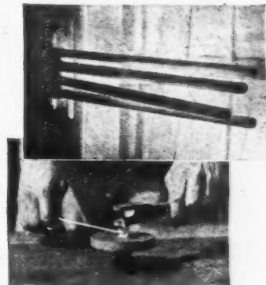
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THIS remarkable new 28-page book, published last fall, fully illustrated with photographs and drawings, gives complete directions that any boy can follow for making Tie Rack, Coat Hangers, Towel Rack, Back Rest, Spinning Top, Boy Scout Weather Vane, Tool Cabinet, Taboret, Book Trough, Hanging Book Shelves, Foot Stool and End Table.

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Address..... 88-E



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happiness through enterprises which
lead to successful achievements

More Winners of the G. Y. C. Pin, the Privileges of Active Membership and Special \$2 Publication Prizes

Dear Hazel Grey: I would very much like to become an Active Member now that I am a Corresponding Member. I am sending you a snapshot of myself and also directions for making a lamp shade which I made myself.

Directions: I got a frame and parchment already cut in the proper shape. I then mottled the inside a pale green, by diluting the paint (oil) with turpentine and then rubbing it on the shade with a circular motion. I had a very pretty delcalomania, a spray of yellow roses, and this was used for the other side of the shade. The delcalomania was put on by means of varnish painted on the glossy side of the design to be applied, and, after the varnish became sticky, the glossy side was plastered down on the shade and allowed to stand for a few minutes. Then the heavier outside paper was peeled off, and the very thin paper by moistening it with a little water. I had to be very careful that, in taking off the paper, the flowers didn't come too.

After it had stood for twenty-four hours, I gave the entire shade a coat of varnish, and when this became sticky I sprinkled tiny bead crystals all over it, and it then dried.

I sewed the lamp shade to the frame, after clipping it together, and bound it with dark-green velvet, which toned in nicely with the mottled inside.

Here is a list of enterprises I would like to achieve:

1. Painting on small wooden things or putting designs on small wooden things
2. Block printing (carving a block print)
3. Cross-stitching (not too difficult a design)
4. Plain sewing
5. Painting Christmas cards, etc., in water colors
6. Tinting rough mat photographs (simple ones)

I hope you will be able to enroll me as an Active Member and send my G. Y. C. pin.

KATHLEEN BURNETT (14)
Milton, Massachusetts.



Kathleen
Burnett

This is the Keystone Blank

Return to Hazel Grey,

The G. Y. C., 8 Arlington Street, Boston

Dear Hazel:

I should like to know (you may check one or both):

...How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by myself and how to win the pin and all the advantages of a member of the G. Y. C.

OR

...How to form a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Corresponding, Active and Contributing Members for us all.

(Please Print Clearly in Pencil)

My name is.....

I am..... years old.

Address.....

THE G. Y. C.

"The Girls of The
Youth's Companion"—Join Now!

Dear Hazel Grey: I am sending my picture with this. It is the latest one except my graduation picture, and I hope it will do. Following is a list of the enterprises I am interested in:

1. Short-story writing
2. Reading
3. Photography
4. Dramatics
5. Sports
6. Handicraft
7. Cooking
8. Sewing
9. Thrift
10. Nature
11. First aid
12. Collecting

The enterprise which I am going to tell about was started a few months ago; so I hope it doesn't matter if it wasn't started after becoming a G. Y. C. Member. It is short-story writing.

I often have spells of writing stories, etc.; so a few months ago I decided to keep everything I wrote in a notebook. I began right off. First I wrote situations and



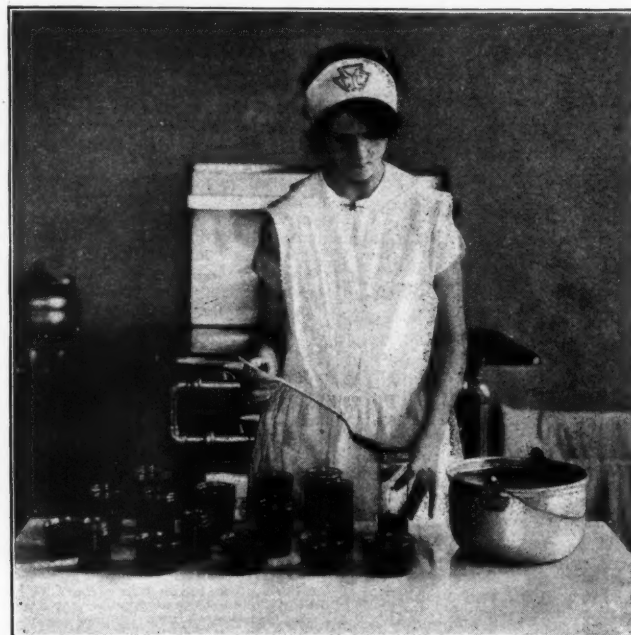
struggles; then characters, descriptions, dialogues, plots, and incidents; then whole stories. I borrowed a book from the public library about short-story writing, and this aided me very much. All school compositions were also copied into the notebook. Recently I have borrowed another book from the library and have started with letter writing. The book isn't quite full yet, but I feel that what I have put in it has been worth while. My school compositions seem to have improved on account of this enterprise. I would like to be a short-story writer some day, but I am afraid it will be a long time before the time comes, if it ever does.

If what I have submitted isn't satisfactory, I will try again.

Yours truly,

MIRIAM SMITH (14)

Andover, Massachusetts.



Carolita had charge of the serious business of finally filling the jars with the finished marmalade

Earning Curtains for the New House

G. Y. C. Workbox Enterprise No. 16
DO you remember that last week we told you that the kitchen received first attention when it came to furnishing our new house? And that we made marmalade? Here is the way we earned our curtains for the dining and living rooms. You could make marmalade, too, and besides we feel sure that it would sell as fast as ours did. Here is our magic secret—a recipe that should make one dozen jars of ordinary tumbler size:

1 orange and 1 lemon chopped up fine, or put through the meat chopper. Add three cups of water to each cup of pulp, cover and let stand over night. The next day boil and again let it stand over night. The third day measure and allow one cup of sugar for each cup of the juice. Let this boil slowly for two hours and a half. Bottle and cover with paraffin.

A grapefruit may be added to this recipe, but the white pulp should first be taken out carefully, as this would make your marmalade too bitter. It is necessary to allow three days for making, as otherwise the marmalade does not have the right flavor.

To make particularly delicious marmalade, add a cup of candied cherries, pineapple or nut meats.

The Workbox wrapped the jars in colored

tissue paper and tied them up with gay-colored ribbon bows. With neat little labels pasted on the outside, which they also made themselves, the result was most finished and attractive looking.



Ready to sell

The G. Y. C. Photograph Contest

HAVE you sent in your pictures for the G. Y. C. Youth's Companion cover contest? Remember that the contest is going to end on January 17. Send an addressed, stamped envelope for the contest conditions. Don't miss a chance to win a cash prize and take a step toward your Contributing Membership in the G. Y. C.!

Next Week: The Enterprise which wins Active Membership and the State Prize for Our First Branch Club in Vermont. A Prize-winning Enterprise from Florida. Latest News from Our G. Y. C. Workbox. Fashions for the Young Girl: Betty in a Winter Sport Outfit.



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From Girl to Girl



Betty is taking cooking this term

Cooking outfit from Filene's

Hookersville

Dearest Susanne: At last—I'm taking cooking. I'm tremendously keen about it, as I've always wished I knew a lot more and better ways to do the things I do know something about. Here I am all tricked out in our regulation outfit. The whole thing is made of cambric—\$1.65 for all-over apron, cap, and holder attached to the belt. Our class is terribly scientific—we have to plan menus according to food values. I don't know a thing about that yet. Later on we are going to give four luncheons, taking turns at going to market, being cook, waitress and hostess. We always invite two faculty guests to these, so you can imagine the strain; and our cooking instructor is a Simmons grad—a peach but terribly particular. Do write soon and tell me all about yourself. I hope the knee is better and that you'll be able to ski again this winter, and that very soon!

As ever,

Betty

Sherman Hall

Dear Betty: You're a wonder. I can't imagine a better cook than you are already, but I admire your desire for nothing short of perfection.

While I've been laid up I made myself this dress—one consolation for having to watch the whole school start off for the hill behind West Hall every afternoon after study period. Mother sent me the material—3½ yards of green shantung and a Vogue pattern (8186). It's perfectly straight, with a kick pleat in front, epaulette shoulders, and the collar and cuffs quite tailory looking. The organdie collar relieves the plain green just enough.

I expect to be out by next Monday—everyone's been great about keeping me amused and helping me carry my books to class while I hobble along!

Lovingly,

Susanne



Hoyle Studio

Susanne made this herself



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What Others Have Done

Whether it's money for clothes, college, sports or travel, the folks shown here have found that they can make it readily just by sending us renewal and new subscriptions for *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Country Gentleman*. Robert Brillingier picks up his dollars after school... Paul Blankenbeker earns a good living by devoting full time to subscription work. All four of these money-earners find, as have thousands of others, that our plan provides a

fine way to earn extra cash when they want it. No experience is required; we furnish all needed equipment.



Paul Blankenbeker made \$145.50 in one month



Miss Arvilla Readette \$3.50 in one day



Robert Brillingier saves his earnings for college



Miss Margaret G. C. Boulbee is earning extra money for clothes

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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

There are some folks who think it far to Fairyland. Perhaps they are quite right. But still it might not be so very far for you or me!



"I HAVE heard some news, captain," called Pert, hopping so fast around a mud-puddle that he slipped and sat down in the middle of it his wig slipping down over his face from the sudden jar of the fall.

"Help me out! Help me out!" he cried in a smothered voice, waving his arms wildly.

"Let him sit there for a while," said the captain, laughing; "it will teach him to be more careful next time."

The puddle being such a tiny one, Pert struggled out alone. He wasn't hurt at all,—which the captain had seen at a glance,—but he looked quite comical covered with mud.

"You should know that one of our rules is that a periwig should hop carefully. Sit out in the sun, Pert, and dry yourself. While you are drying repeat to me the Twelve Periwig Rules."

"First," began Pert, wiping his shoe with a blade of grass, "when one falls in the mud don't laugh and shout, but lend a hand and help him out."

"Pert!" shouted the captain sternly. "That is not one of the Periwig Rules, and you know it. Repeat them at once! It is rather a good one, though," he added to the first lieutenant. "I don't know but that it should be added to the Twelve."

Pert grinned and began again:

"Be neat and tidy every day,
Help the traveler on his way.
Never grumble at the rain,
For sunshine always comes again.
Make the best of every plight
And always try to be polite.
Be kind to all you chance to meet
And have a smile for those you greet.
Share your food with those who need
And every day do some good deed.
Hop carefully; the world is filled
With smaller things which may be killed.
With helpful hands and cheerful face
Look for lost things in every place."

"Good, Pert, but that is only eleven. What is the twelfth?"



"Pert!" shouted the captain. "Repeat them at once!"

Splash!

The frog had landed in the puddle, which was not larger than his own body, but quite full enough of water to cover the whole little army with mud.

"Excuse me, captain," said the frog; "I was in a hurry and did not notice the water."

The captain was standing stiffly, trying to appear as dignified as ever with muddy water dripping from his chin and one eye quite closed with a lump of mud, when he saw Pert laughing silently and rolling on the ground with his mirth.

"Find the twelfth rule at once!" he



Pert . . . slipped and sat down in the middle of it

THE PERIWIGS FIND THE TWELFTH RULE

BY MARY BOOTH BEVERLEY

exclaimed sternly.

Pert stopped laughing and looked blankly at his comrades.

"Captain," said the second lieutenant, saluting, "don't you think it would be well for us to go to Weeping Willow Pond and get washed up? Pert can think of the twelfth rule on the way."

Captain Periwig gave the order, and they all hopped off, the frog going beside the captain.

"What is the twelfth rule, captain?" asked the frog. "I am sure I never heard it."

"Why, er, why—lieutenant, tell Mr. Frog the twelfth rule!"

The lieutenant glanced hastily down the line where Pert was hopping wildly with his muddy shoe in his hand.



"I will swallow them," said the frog, beginning to swell

"Captain, do you think it would be well to repeat the rule before Pert has thought it out?" he asked. The truth was the lieutenant did not know the rule himself. "Why, certainly not," answered the captain heartily; "I should think you would know better than that. Pert, are you thinking of the twelfth rule?"

"Pert has some news to tell us, captain," said the second lieutenant uneasily. Suppose the captain should ask him—the second lieutenant—to repeat the twelfth rule?

"Yes," shouted Pert, "I have indeed got some news. The Pharaoh locusts are coming! I heard them myself in the woods making a great deal of noise."

Will You Win the Puppy?

CAN you imagine anything nicer than this bright-eyed, intelligent collie puppy? Are you going to try to win a puppy or one of the fifteen one-dollar prizes?

You have until February 1 to try. If you missed the conditions on your Children's Page of December 9, don't wait another day to send a stamped envelope for them!



The periwigs with one accord stopped in their tracks and sat weakly down. Even the frog looked worried.

"We must tell the katydids," said the captain, recovering first.

"Cousin Katy will be so distressed to hear it. She may think of some way to keep them back. Why, their noise quite drowns the voices of the katydids. Cousin Katy could never stand not having her voice heard. She wants the last word, you know."

"I will swallow them," said the frog, beginning to swell.

"Swallow them! Why, there are millions and millions of them. Granddaddy longlegs told me they came every seventeen years, and their voices sound like the waves of the sea, and they eat everything that grows—our houses and everything. We would have no place to sleep." Pert stopped, quite breathless.

"I can swallow all who bother me," the frog said; not well pleased. Then Pert began to laugh.

"You would be bigger than old Mr. Pharaoh himself if you swallowed them all. You would be too heavy to hop. You would have to crawl like this—" Pert threw himself on the ground, spreading out his arms and beginning to wriggle along in a most comical way. He was looking at the frog and did not see what was in front of him under a dead leaf until his hands closed upon the legs of a Pharaoh locust. The locust spread his wings and went into the air, the little fellow clinging fast.

"Now, isn't that the way Pert always does?" the second lieutenant said in a disgusted tone. "He will ride anything that moves."

"We had better follow them," said the captain, looking troubled. But the locust had come down and was looking curiously at the little periwig, who had scrambled to his foot and was gasping for breath.

"Mr. Pharaoh," he said, bowing politely, "I thank you, sir, for bringing me part of the way. I—I had a nice ride sir."

"You are quite welcome, I am sure," answered the locust, bowing in his turn.

"I would like to ask a small favor of you, sir, if you will listen a moment."

"Well, go on. It must be small indeed if you ask it." The locust seemed amused at the little fellow who looked so important.

Illustrations by
DECIE MERWIN



"Isn't that the way Pert always does?" the lieutenant said in a disgusted tone

"When you come about the stone wall, sir, will you please not eat up our houses, the periwinkle blossoms, Mr. Pharaoh? Please ask your millions of comrades not to sing at night. They make such a noise, you know."

The locust laughed. "Did you say a small favor? You are such a tiny creature, and the favor you ask is such a huge one, and you are so funny altogether, that I will promise to do what I can. We will keep away from the stone wall. And I will tell you a secret. This is not the year for the Pharaoh locusts. There are only a few



Pert hopped up close to the locust and whispered

who have come to look about. Next year is our year."

"Oh, thank you, thank you. And now I will tell you a secret." Pert hopped up close to the locust and whispered:

"Mr. Frog is planning to swallow you and all the rest of the Pharaohs. Mr. Frog is very kind and doesn't mean any harm, but I should hate to see you swallowed, Mr. Pharaoh, if you are my enemy."

"Thank you, you queer little creature. Always make friends of your enemies. It pays." In another moment the locust was gone.

"Oh, captain, captain!" cried Pert, hurrying back to the periwigs who were still looking for him. "I have remembered the twelfth rule:

"When your quarrel is over let it end By turning your enemy into a friend."

The periwigs were so glad that Pert had remembered the rule that he was not scolded by any of them for being carried away. When he told them the good news that the locusts were not coming they were very happy and hopped merrily away to Weeping Willow Pond.

JACKY FROST

By

Elsie M. Fowler

When Jacky Frost hid all the flowers

In our yard and lane
He painted all their pictures first

Upon our windowpane!

Milder Musterole for Small Children

Thousands of mothers tell us they would not be without *Children's Musterole*, the new, milder form of good old Musterole—especially prepared for babies and small children.

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(Continued from page 11)

was one case of this kind, I remember, one De Cordova—a humorist. I think he had another name, but I have forgotten what it was. He had been printing some dimly humorous things in the magazines; they had met with a deal of favor and given him a pretty wide name; and now he suddenly came poaching upon our preserve and took us by surprise. Several of us felt pretty unwell—too unwell to lecture. We got outlying engagements postponed and remained in town. We took front seats in one of the great galleries—Nasby, Billings and I—and waited. The house was full. When De Cordova came on he was received with what we regarded as an almost indecent volume of welcome. I think we were not jealous, nor even envious, but it made us sick, anyway. When I found he was going to read a humorous story—from manuscript—I felt better and hopeful, but still anxious. He had an arrangement of tall gallow-frame adorned with upholsteries, and he stood behind it under hidden rows of overhead lights. The whole thing had a quite stylish look. The audience was so sure that he was going to be funny that they took a dozen of his first utterances on trust and laughed cordially—and we felt very much disheartened. Presently the laughter began to relax; then it began to shrink in area; it showed gaps between; and the gaps widened; they widened more and more; it was getting to be almost all gaps, with that untrained and unlively voice droning through them.

He was laboring now, and distressed; he constantly mopped his face with his handkerchief, and his voice and his manner became a humble appeal for compassion. But the house remained cold and still and gazed at him curiously.

There was a great clock on the wall, high up; presently the general gaze forsook the reader and fixed itself upon the clock face. We knew by dismal experience what was going to happen, but it was plain that the reader had not been warned. At five minutes to nine, twelve hundred people rose, with one impulse, and swept like a wave down the aisles toward the doors! The reader was like a person stricken with a paralysis; he stood choking and gasping for a few minutes, gazing in a white horror at that retreat; then he turned drearily away and wandered from the stage with the groping step of one who walks in his sleep.

The management were to blame. They should have told him that the last suburban cars left at nine and that half the house would rise and go then, no matter who might be speaking from the platform. I think De Cordova did not appear again in public.

DISCIPLINING THE GREENHORNS

SEA captains, especially the old breed that ranged the seas under sail, are famous for their bluff, rough and autocratic ways. Even when the skipper was at heart kindly, he maintained discipline with a vigor that few landsmen are hard-boiled enough to display. In his delightful narrative, *A Gypsy of the Horn*, Mr. Rex Clements tells of his introduction to his first captain, a man whom he came to admire, but who began by scaring him into fits.

All day the "old man" paced the weather side of the poop, only going below for a few minutes at a time. On one occasion he turned round at the head of the companionway and called out in a tremendous voice: "Boy!" "Sir," said I, scrambling up the poop ladder and running to where he was standing, "Fetch me a hammer from the carpenter," said he.

"Aye, aye, sir," and I ran for'ard, obtained the hammer, and scrambled aft again as quickly as I could, for the ship's motion was very lively and I had not yet got my sea legs. The old man was still standing by the companion—very huge, grim and imposing. "The hammer, sir," said I mildly.

He took it and regarded me sternly. "When I tell you to do a thing, my boy," he said, and his voice, slow and deep-chested at first, rose higher with each word in a detonating thunder-roll of sound, "you won't run; you'll JUMP!"

I jumped then and stared blankly at his broad back as it retreated down the companion. Good heavens, thought I, what a commander to sail under! I never guessed sea captains were like this.

It was my first encounter with the captain, and it filled me with misgivings. But it did not take long for me to become accustomed to his habit of giving orders in a voice like the flap of a sail, with the last word a regular squall-burst in its vehemence.

I grew to admire and like him heartily, though it was long before I was in a position to appreciate his mastery of seamanship. But his breezy truculence was obvious from the outset. The very next day provided another instance of it.

We were washing down the poop, and Stedman, who was handling the buckets, happened to throw some water over Gilroy's legs and begged the latter's pardon. Such consideration annoyed the old man.

"Why haven't you got your oilskins on, boy?" he demanded. "You want to get wet, do you?" And thereupon he picked up a brimming bucket of water and flung the contents all over the surprised Gilroy.

Being a rigid January evening, with a biting nor'easter blowing, it was a chilly baptism for that unfortunate youth. He was blue and chattering before the job was finished and he could get along to the half-deck and change. We gloomily compared notes, he and I, and agreed the old man was a terror.

ANGUS KNEW

THE London newspapers like to tell funny stories about the countrymen from the north of Scotland, who come down to enjoy the sights of the great city; and the Scots are too fond of a joke themselves to mind it. Here is one from Sunbeams.

Two Highlanders were on a visit to London when a watering cart passed them in the street. Donald was very much excited and shouted at the top of his voice, "Hey, mon! Yer losin' all yer watter."

Angus turned to Donald and said, "Hoots, mon! Dinna show yer ignorance. That's just tae keep the bairns frae hingin' on behind."

POST-FACTO POSTCARDS

THE acme of preparation was attained by a woman whom the Boston Herald tells about. She had gone to a hospital to undergo an operation. Before the surgeon arrived she asked for two postal cards, wrote a short message on each, addressed them both to her husband and asked the nurse to mail the one it was best to mail the next day.

The nurse glanced at the cards and saw that one of them read as follows:

"My dear husband: I have had the operation and am doing nicely. Will be at home in a week or two."

On the other card was written: "My dear husband: I have had the operation and am sorry to tell you that I did not survive."

THE CANDID CHILD

IT was the small girl's birthday, and as a present her aunt in the country sent her a pincushion. "Now, darling," said her mother, "you must write and thank auntie."

So the child obediently sat down and wrote the following: "Dear Auntie—Thank you for your present. I have always wanted a pincushion, but not very much."

THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

There are all sorts of motion pictures, and it is by no means easy to get trustworthy information about which ones are clean and entertaining; not merely "unobjectionable," but worth seeing. The Youth's Companion gives its readers this list, revised every week, of the pictures that it thinks good enough to recommend. We shall be glad to have our readers tell us whether they find the list valuable, and the pictures well chosen.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BLUE-RIBBON LIST

The Gorilla Hunt—F. B. O.

A remarkable picture of Ben Burbridge's expedition into the African jungles.

Her Honor the Governor—F. B. O.

A modern woman, who has adopted a political career, finds the opportunity and the need for a true maternal sacrifice. Pauline Frederick

The Return of Peter Grimm—William Fox

A bungling benefactor is permitted to return from the grave to rectify his mistake of judgment. Alec Francis

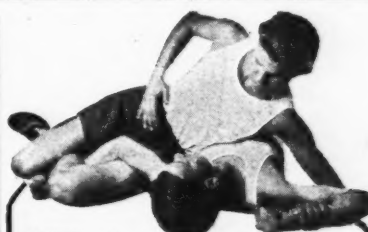
The Winning of Barbara Worth—United Artists
Harold Bell Wright's romance of the irrigated lands of the West, admirably produced. Vilma Banky. Ronald Colman

Alaskan Adventures—Pathé

A genuine record of game hunting and of wonderful scenery in Alaska. By Capt. Jack Robertson and Art Young, the bow-and-arrow expert

Forlorn River—Paramount

Zane Grey's romance of a repentant cattle rustler. Jack Holt



A "Pinning Hold" that Makes an Opponent Helpless

This is one of the greatest of all holds practiced in wrestling. You have your opponent's right arm barred with your left hand and his left arm barred with a leg scissor hold. He is helpless. It is a good hold for self defense, where you might wish to hold your man under control for some time. Try it on your brother or a friend today, and see how completely you have him in your power.

Wrestling Secrets

Revealed by Champions
Frank Gotch & Farmer Burns

THIS picture illustrates only one of thousands of wrestling holds which vary from simple grips to the deadly strangle hold. How would you like to know them all?

Think of learning them from two champions. This is precisely what you can do. The regular holds—the blocks and breaks for them—many secret tricks, never revealed before—all these you may master absolutely.

Become an expert wrestler through a wonderful course of lectures and photographs for home study prepared by two of the greatest champions who ever lived—FRANK GOTCH and FARMER BURNS.

Farmer Burns, the father of scientific wrestling, knows more about wrestling than any man alive. He has trained seven champions—among them the great world's champion, Frank Gotch. These men will train you speedily to become a great athlete, a wrestler, and a man!

**Vigor!
Endurance!
Bravery!**

Wrestling is a wonderful sport, a wonderful means of self-defense and more. It is the greatest mind and body builder in the world. It breeds quickness, vigor, endurance, bravery, all the many qualities that men defer to and women admire. It develops every muscle in your body. It gives you poise. You can lay the foundation for a vigorous, successful, self-reliant manhood, if you start now to learn to wrestle. Do not put it off. Begin today.

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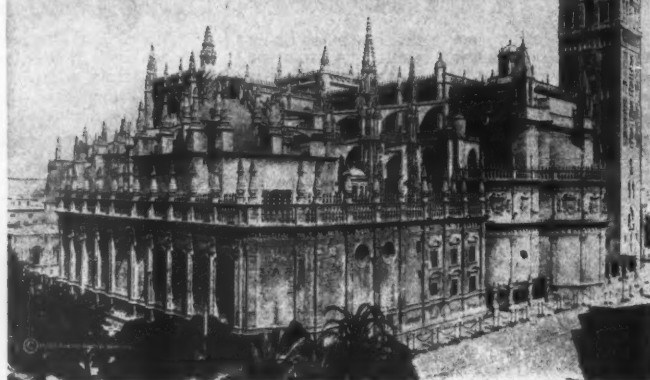
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The peace and serenity of the German canals; the majesty of the sublime cathedral of Seville; these are but two of the delights which will greet the winner of The Youth's Companion Great Contest.



THIS TABLE TELLS THE TALE

of what energetic contestants have already accomplished. You can do as well—or better!

How the Contest Stood Saturday, December 11th

Class 1	Ardo Carmichael, Pennsylvania	10	Elinor Chapman, Wisconsin	6	
Mrs. S. T. R. Revell, Georgia	111	B. Cayton, Jr., Texas	10	Kenneth Coffey, Kansas	6
Class 2	T. Knowlton Chaffee, Jr., R. I.	10	Joe Daugherty, Virginia	6	
L. C. Shank, New Mexico	100	Mrs. J. E. Channell, Georgia	10	Elizabeth Fernald, New Jersey	6
Class 3	Sam Jackson, Oregon	10	Mrs. Honor Foreman, Kansas	6	
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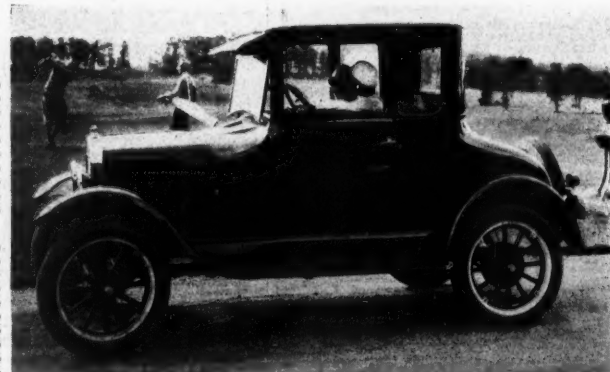
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